

Horizon

REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART

OVER THE WATER:

(i) PHILIPPE GERBIER'S NOTEBOOK

by J. KESSEL

(ii) MIXED TRANSPORT

by ARTHUR KOESTLER

**KIERKEGAARD: THE ANALYSIS OF THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL PERSONALITY**

by RUDOLPH FRIEDMANN

HOELDERLIN, GOETHE AND GERMANY

by STEPHEN SPENDER

REVIEWS *by* J. L. MARTIN *and* IVOR JACOBS

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HORIZON

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The editorial and publishing offices of HORIZON are at 6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, W.C.1.—Six months' subscription, 10/- net, including postage, U.S.A.—\$2.50. Agents for U.S.A. & Canada: Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street, New York City, U.S.A. For advertising terms please write to The Business Manager, Terminus 4898

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COMMENT

WHEN the history of the twentieth century comes to be written it may well become notorious, at any rate during its first fifty years, as the Century of Fear. To the normal fears of peacetime, fear of losing one's job, property, social position, popularity, youth, health, etc., the Nazis have added the oldest and most terrible fear of all, that of torture. If Hitler is unique in any way, it is that he has contributed more pain to humanity than any other figure in the world's history, for savage as were the tyrants of old, they were handicapped by the lack both of scientific instruments of fear and of populations sufficiently massive on which to practise them. Hitler, besides the ordinary aggregate of pain inflicted by the routine of conquest (no greater probably in his case than in that of Napoleon, Tamerlane or Hulaku), has also added the persecution of the Jews, the extermination of Poles, Russians, and of all the victims of the Gestapo in all countries, including his own, together with all the fear spread by radio propaganda, and the immeasurable emotional damage, the nervous breakdowns and broken marriages due indirectly to the anxieties of Munich and the war of nerves. He has destroyed a Europe in which was apparent a steady humanitarian trend, with psychiatry helping medicine towards the better understanding of the criminal as well as of the sick, with the death penalty becoming less and less enforced, and the major problems of crime, poverty, neurosis, and malnutrition, moving slowly but perceptibly to eventual solution. All this movement towards a better world one man has put into reverse by denying human dignity and restoring the torture chamber, the concentration camp, the secret police, the informer, the firing squad, on a scale which is in reality a cynical and diabolic act of defiance to humanity, a humanity which in spite of its claim to a certain goodness and decency, when given sufficient pain in the right places and in the right way, with scientifically calculated doses, will nearly always break down, confess, incriminate, and exhibit in itself the lowest human denominator of animal misery. It is this attack on human liberty, goodness and decency through the barbaric and forgotten approach of torture, through the perversion of science and medicine, through physical pain and the mental fear for which humanity has not yet

found an antidote, which is Hitler's unique and abominable crime; he has tried to degrade and demoralize a continent. The Gestapo is man's blasphemy against mankind and for this reason alone no pity can be shown it, and everyone associated with it must be destroyed.

It is very difficult in England to realize how intense is this onslaught across the Channel against the human body and the individual soul. This may be partly due to insular lack of imagination, partly to an instinct which tells us to keep our heads, that we may stamp out these atrocities the quicker for not having grown hysterical about them; it is also due to an almost universal castration complex that makes us refuse to face the facts of torture, and to an animal instinct for ignoring the suffering which does not concern us. But the 'atrocities stories' of which we are often sceptical, are very different from the organized and by now very well-documented brutalities of the Gestapo, and we cannot ignore them because even if we are powerless to stop them, we can at least know what their methods are, and be on our guard against allowing them to creep in here. Thus the fact that certain ministries employ 'agents provocateurs', that letters are opened, telephones tapped, conversations reported, may not seem very dreadful in wartime, but that is only because the penalties imposed are still mild and do not draw attention to the means by which they are obtained. After the war it will need all the energy of the individual to shake off the stethoscope with which the State is more and more tenaciously sounding him, and so make a reality of 'Freedom from Fear'.

Meanwhile HORIZON in this number is able to present two well-written and well-authenticated accounts of the reign of terror over the water. M. Kessel, who is the author of *Belle du Jour* and *La Rose de Java*, has only recently come from France and has been in constant touch with the underground movement. Arthur Koestler's story is from his new novel *Arrival and Departure*, which will be published by Cape, this autumn.

Next month's HORIZON will include a reply from Lionel Fielden to George Orwell, and from George Woodcock to 'Comment'.

VERNON WATKINS
THE SONG OF THE GOOD
SAMARITAN

I sing of the Good Samaritan, of
Pity and the Fixed Stars. Him the Awakeners bless
Who heal the Earth with silent tumult of love.

There came the configuration of ages, less
Than his moment of deepest shadow. I sing of his
Leap into God, of the trial of gentleness.

Night. Death. And forever the distances
Woven by the pulse, that infinite loom of heaven;
Then out of the water a kiss, a leper's kiss,

Given through the dark. Look up! The moment is given
To the dog derided and scorned; and a look outpaces
The beautiful horses mythology thought to have driven.

Look. Look up! Frozen light! The Gorgon grimaces
Of the stone-blind heaven freeze blood in the marvelling child
Standing alone on the bed near the strange toy-faces.

Constellations! Look! The Fixed Stars! Blind metéors whirled!
Night's pattern, the clustered myths! On the Milky Road
Towards milk-white Jericho stumbles one from the world

Leading a mule, borne down with its dusty load,
To the shade of a tree, to a trough. The mythologies shrink,
And the nameless image is healed of its murderous goad.

Font of the fingers, water where asses drink,
Winged horses above you scattering, manes of the Norn,
And heroic Pegasus, leap into light from the brink.

Swallows quiver, rounding the magical horn
Of fullness, emptied for John's wild honey. They break
Light with their wings; and the era of love is born.

He broke the classical falsehood, summoned awake
A world from dust with the secret worlds of his tears.
Shut in those heavens he heard the mythologies shake

Their violent haunches taut, their delicate ears
Coiled to a point, a horn growing out of each head,
They know they are crystal, their breath the smoke of the spheres.

Centaurs, unicorns, wondering, weaving a thread
From the loom of silence, coiling all ages at once
To a hero's masterful, measured, arrogant tread.

And music sprung from the rock, from the pagan dance
Of firelit bodies, heard in the cataract's head;
A prince of warriors, Venus guiding his lance.

Those heroes gather the spaces through which they have sped
To ivory silence or toil of intractable bronze,
Resurrecting the ravisher's cup, the wine of the dead.

Yet the buried see them as the unforgiving, spun
From cruelty's frenzy back through a minotaur maze,
A battle of Centaurs fled into the blaze of suns;

Fled, fled, in a furious pattern of praise
From the throat of light, a thunder of galloping feet
Riding the rim that acclaims their arrogant days.

What vision startled a prophet in that hard heat
Of the wayside's ultimate shadow? He bent to hear
The spheres from a donkey suffer their proud retreat.

Then, as he looked on those features, sphere upon sphere
Shone round the loom of the hand. No name had this
That buried and raised all time in the spring of a tear.

And he heard through heaven the retreating distances,
Timbrels, the long gold trumpet, the Pharaoh's car,
Heroic song, gold idols, the pagan dances.

Even as a child I began to say: How far?
Parting the curtain, the winding-sheet of the dead.
The loom of the hand has the pathway of every star.

Disappearance of the proud horses! Circling in dread,
Stampeding in light, he heard the mythologies shrink,
The rushing stars, their reverberant, thundering tread;

From a little worn-away trough where asses drink,
One by one, and above them, finding the sea,
Swallows pass, and their world ripples over the brink.

'O moment,' he breathed, 'frail as the branch of a tree,
This act is secret, eluding all fabulous joys.
The wound I suffer, the joy I am bearing, is he.

For they were movement itself, but mine was a choice
Between those visions acclaimed by pride overthrown;
And the downcast, intimate eyes, the source of the voice.

Dip, swallows. The Centaurs already are stone,
And the water listens, finding continually crooked
The path the asses have paced, the thread you have flown.

Now, if I speak, my words can belong to no book
For my fingers mingle the language of water and dove,
Ending, here at the source, the journey they took.

Out of the dust I raised this image of love.
Moment of darkness, moment, still you are mine,
Though the proud-winged, galloping horses disdainfully move
From the wounded god, the arena of dust and sand.

And only the tilted loom is lucky, divine,
Where the mocked, unpremeditated bowl of the hand
Makes the world nothing, pouring in oil and wine.'

OVER THE WATER

J. KESSEL

I—PHILIPPE GERBIER'S NOTEBOOK¹

GOT back from England yesterday and found my way, in the early hours of the morning, to a railway station. Some peasants, workmen and railway men were waiting for the first train. Usual conversation at first. Food, food, food. Fewer markets, requisitioning becoming intolerable, no fuel. But also a new note. The deportations. Not a family, they were saying, which was not affected or about to be. They discussed ways of getting exemption for their sons, nephews or cousins. A feeling of going off to prison. Prisoners revolting; organized hatred. They also discussed the war news. Those who had a wireless told the others what London was saying. I remembered that I had spoken to the people of France two days before at the B.B.C.

¹ The characters and details of the incidents described in this article are fictitious.

Left the train at the little town of C. I didn't want to rejoin directly our headquarters of the southern zone. The last telegrams sent to London gave rise to uneasiness. Went to an architect friend who treated me like a ghost. 'You come from England, you come from England', he said without stopping. He had recognized my voice on the wireless. I didn't know it was so characteristic. There I have been particularly clumsy and imprudent. Our indiscretions are caused not so much by carelessness, the desire to boast or even stupidity as by our admiration. Our people are mostly full of emotional uplift. They love to magnify and sublimate our comrades and, above all, our leaders. It keeps them going, heartens them, and gives a poetical feeling to their monotonous daily task. 'You know X has done something really magnificent', says one who is in the know to another. And the other must share the news with a third. And so on until the story is told to an informer. Nothing is more dangerous than this generosity of heart.

Well, because I've been to London I am in danger of becoming the object of a cult. I saw this from the way the architect treated me. He has a strong character and a good judgment, yet he looked at me as if I was a worker of miracles. He wasn't so surprised that I came back, but the fact that I had passed some weeks in London, that I had breathed the air of London and met the people of London overwhelmed him. He considered this holiday, these days of security and comfort as an act of the rarest merit. The explanation of what appears such an absurd attitude is quite simple. When everything seemed lost, England had been the only centre of hope and fire. It was a beacon of faith for millions in the night of Europe, and everyone who came near this fire and was still coming near it, took on a reflection of its wonder. With the Mahometans, the pilgrim who has been to Mecca bears the title of Hadji and wears a green turban. I am a Hadji, I have a right to the green turban of occupied Europe. That seems absurd to me, because I have no religious sense. But also because I myself have come back from London. And there the point of view is exactly the opposite. There it is staying in France which seems admirable. The hunger, the cold, the privations and persecutions which we have been forced to get used to there, touch the imagination and sensibility to the quick. As for those in the underground movement, they awaken an almost mystical

emotion. Already the legend can be seen forming. If I said that over there people would shrug their shoulders. Never would a woman who spends angry hours in queues, who weeps impotently as she sees her children wasting away, who curses the government and the enemy for taking her husband and sending him to Germany, who grovels to the milkman and the butcher to get a drop of milk or an ounce of meat, never would such a woman think herself above the average. And never would the lad who once a week travels with a suitcase full of underground newspapers, the man who transmits our wireless messages, the girl who taps out my reports, the priest who gives us information, the doctor who looks after our wounded, above all Felix or the Bison, never would any of these people believe they were heroes, and I don't believe it either.

Subjective opinions and feelings have no value. Truth lies only in action. When I have time, I would like to keep a record of the facts which a man whom events have put in a good observation post can get to know about the Resistance. Later, on the recoil, these accumulated details will add up to something and make it possible for me to form a judgment.

If I'm still alive.

★ ★ ★

Spent the night at the architect's. Had a visit from our local Chief. A railwayman. Formerly secretary of the syndicate. Completely Red. Excellent organizer. Character beyond trial. If all the groups in the country were as united and resolute as the railwaymen we wouldn't have much more to do. This man has confirmed the bad impression which I had got from the telegrams. Confiscation, police raids, booby-traps. The Gestapo wants to break the resistance. Ten times its blows miscarry, but they end by striking home. Our Posts discovered at Lyons, at Marseilles, at Toulouse, in Savoy. Three wireless stations captured. We don't know yet what is happening in the North, but down here it's serious. My second in command, a little government official, tireless and full of life, has been summarily executed. My secretary deported to Poland. Felix arrested.

Lemasque, it appears, has done very well. He has set up an emergency Post in his office. Little by little, as the others fell, this Post has become important. Lemasque has replaced the men who have been taken by others. He has proved himself quick,

efficient, energetic. But I am worried about his nerve. It was high time I came back.

The railwaymen warn me not to go on staying with the architect. Too well known as a Gaullist. The town is very small.

★ ★ ★

My host now is the Baron de V. and I live in a beautiful Louis XIII château. The estate includes a park, a lake, rich and wide-spread lands. It would be hard to imagine a safer or more pleasant refuge. I shall be able to re-establish my liaisons and make my plans in peace. The Baron has put himself entirely at my service. With his long nose, complexion tanned by wind and sun, and hard little eyes, he is somebody; he takes after both a wolf and a fox. He cares for nothing except his broad acres and his hunting. A retired cavalry officer needless to say whose wife and children live under the Terror. The only person to stand up to him is his elder sister, an old maid never out of her riding breeches. The Baron de V. was a sworn enemy of the Republic. Before the war he had organized his farmers, his kennelmen and huntsmen into a squadron armed with shotguns and revolvers which in the event of a Royalist rising, was destined to take the nearest Prefecture by a cavalry charge. This squadron, perfectly organized and perfectly trained, still exists. But it will go into action against the Germans. Arms are there in plenty, and many escapes have been made to the land of the Baron. He belongs to no underground organization, but he helps them all. After his wife and children have gone to bed he rides out with his sister, both mounted, to receive the new recruits. It is to this feudal character that our local chief, the secretary of the syndicate, has entrusted me. I teased the Baron de V. on his alliance with a Revolutionary; he gave his hunting-boots a loud slap with the riding-whip which he always carries, swore, and said to me 'Je préfère, monsieur, une France rouge à une France qui rougisse.'

★ ★ ★

News of Felix from Jean-François.

Felix was arrested in the street by two men who spoke perfect French, but were agents of the Gestapo. He was questioned without too much beating. As he would not admit his identity, three men of the Gestapo took him home in the middle of the night. His wife and his little boy, who knew nothing of his

underground activities, were quite terrified, and made no difficulty about recognizing him. The German policemen beat him up in front of his wife and child until he fainted. Then they began a search by breaking everything in the room. Felix came to and tried to get up. He was knocked out again and the search went on. Felix came round again, but this time he didn't move. He had the presence of mind to lie still and recuperate, as Jean-François put it, and suddenly he ran at the window, opened the shutters and jumped into the street. His room was on the first floor. He sprained an ankle, but ran all the same. A patrol of French cyclist-police was passing. Felix told the truth to the Brigadier. They took him to one of our people. The next day he was in one of our clinics, the next in another, the next in still another. It was only in the last that the Gestapo lost trace of him. He has a light plaster and will be out soon. He has asked me for a new assignment. He won't be able to see his wife and child again till the war is over. He thinks his wife will be very cross with him about it.

★ ★ ★

A schoolmaster from Lyons has made use of his week-end to spend two nights in the train and bring me the mail. He is asleep at the moment before catching his train. He is so undernourished that he often forgets in his class the rudiments of what he is teaching. As for the children, he daren't ask them up to the blackboard, their legs do not carry them and they fall down faint from hunger.

★ ★ ★

A country priest has come to say mass at the château. He spends his days and nights going round the farms. 'You,' he says to a peasant, 'you have room to hide three men who won't go to Germany.' 'You,' he says to another, 'you must feed two more,' and so on. He knows exactly what each one can do. He has a lot of influence and everyone obeys him. His name has been given to the Germans and he has been warned by the French authorities. 'I've got to hurry up,' he says, 'for before I go to prison I want to place three hundred!' It's now become a kind of sport. A race against time.

The number of those who refused to work in Germany were a few thousand when I went away. Today you can count them by the ten thousand. Many are swallowed up by the countryside.

But many more have fled to the natural strongholds and have taken to the maquis, maquis of Savoy, of the Cévennes, of the Pyrenees, of the Massif Central. Each one holds an army of young people. They have to be fed, organized, and armed as much as possible. It is a new and terrible problem for the Resistance.

Some groups have sorted themselves into communities. Sometimes they edit a paper. A kind of tiny republic, they have their own laws. Others salute the Colours every day, the flag with the Cross of Lorraine. The next mail for England will include photographs of these ceremonies.

But most of these lads, young workmen, students, clerks, need a strong and intelligent leadership, money and outside relations. Chose a committee of three from our lot to look after them: Felix, Lemasquè and Jean-François. They have the virtues and faults which complement each other.

Sent off a reception team for people and parcels coming from England. The team consists of a fireman, a butcher, a secretary from the Mayor's, a policeman, a doctor. Means of transport: the policeman's car and the butcher's van.

* * *

A good day.

(1) A wireless transmitter is at work chez the Farmer's wife, who hid us before our departure.

(2) Felix has left the clinic with his ankle quite cured and a well-grown beard. He lets us know he is in touch with Lemasquè.

(3) Mathilde has arrived.

She escaped with sixty suspects from the Palais de Justice, where they had been taken for questioning. She doesn't know how it was arranged or by whom. Probably through accomplices inside. At a given word they had only to follow the warders to the door giving on the Place Dauphine, open it and walk out.

Mathilde spent three days hiding in Paris. She overcame her violent temptation to see her children. She swears that she has never done and never will do again anything so difficult. She showed me a photograph which she managed to hide through every search. Six children, from the oldest, a young girl of seventeen, down to the baby which Mathilde has for long pushed about lying on a pile of clandestine newspapers. 'I am sure that my big Thérèse will look after the little ones properly. As for

me, I can't do anything for them till the end of the war.' She has taken the photo and hidden it again. The way in which she does it makes one feel that it will be a long time before she will ever look at it for she has asked for some work at once, plenty of it, and dangerous. I have said I would think it over. I know that she can do a lot and do it well. One must find the best possible use for her. Meanwhile she will stay at the château while she waits.

★ ★ ★

Examined a great many reports. For the people in the Resistance the margin of life is always growing narrower. The Gestapo multiplies its arrests and the German courts their death sentences. And now the French police automatically surrender the Frenchmen they hold to every demand of the enemy. Before there was prison, the concentration camp, forced domicile, or a simple warning from the authorities. Today it is nearly always death, death, death.

But on our side we kill and kill.

The French weren't ready, weren't disposed to kill. Their temperament, their climate, their country, the state of civilization which they had reached kept them a long way from bloodshed. I remember how difficult it was for us, in the first days of the Resistance to contemplate murder in cold blood, ambushes, planned assassination. And how hard it was to get recruits for that. There is no question of these scruples now. Primitive man has reappeared in France. He kills to protect his home, his daily bread, his loves, his honour. He kills every day. He kills the German, the accomplice of the German, the traitor, the informer. He kills rationally and unconsciously. I would not say that the French people have grown hard, but their edge has been sharpened.

★ ★ ★

Long talks with Mathilde. I knew from the Chief that she was a woman to reckon with; all the same, she astonishes me. Mathilde is made to organize, to command, and at the same time to serve. She sees everything in clear and simple terms, and accurately. She has a will, method, patience, and hatred for the Germans in equal strength. Now that the enemy has cut all her family ties she is a redoubtable instrument against him. In prison Mathilde has learnt a great deal about disguises, the

art of escaping, the technique of assassination. I have taken her as my assistant. She is going to make a trip round all the Southern Zone to make contact with the section-leaders. She will rejoin me in a big city. The liaisons here are much too slow.

★ ★ ★

Accident? Good fortune? Premonition? Instinct?

I left the château a week ago. Two days after my departure the Baron de V. was taken at the same time as the railwayman, our section-chief. Both have already been shot.

★ ★ ★

France is a prison. One feels threats, misery, anguish, misfortune there like a heavy ceiling which every day is lowered closer to our heads. France is a prison, but illegality provides an extraordinary means of escape. Papers? we get them made. Ration-cards? we steal them from the Mayor. Cars and petrol? we take them from the Germans. Obstructionists? they are suppressed. Laws and rules exist no longer. Illegality is a shadow which glides through their network. Nothing is too difficult because we have begun by what is most difficult of all, the neglect of our essential instinct of self-preservation.

★ ★ ★

Travel Scene.

My train stops at Toulouse station longer than it should. Gestapo men go through our identity cards. They are in my coach. They enter my third-class compartment. Nothing happens. Their footsteps recede. But another policeman comes along and makes a sign to one of the travellers to follow him. The traveller turns his back on the German, stoops as if to pick up the newspaper he has dropped. And we all see him take a revolver from under his armpit, take off the safety catch, and put it back in his coat pocket. All that quite naturally and very fast, with absolute calm. The traveller takes his suitcase and goes out. The train remains at a standstill. In our compartment we all sit in silence. The train moves off. The traveller reappears. 'They have made a mistake,' he says as he takes his place. He cuts a cigarette in two and smokes half of it. Conversation is resumed in the carriage.

In the corridor of a third-class carriage where everyone is wedged up against each other, a young girl keeps casting a

quick glance at a fairly large parcel, wrapped up in cheap paper and lying a few yards from her. The travellers shuffle their feet, they come and go and jostle it as they get in and out at stations. The parcel tears and bursts open. The young girl moves away. The contents burst out. Piles of clandestine newspapers. Passengers pick them up. The girl has disappeared. Result of the shortage of suitcases, of brown paper and good string.

A resistance-group, as night was falling, removed many of the sewer gratings in Marseilles. The Germans and their friends alone have the right to go out after curfew. There is no one to regret among those who have broken bones at the bottom of the sewers.

The Gestapo, and the French police under them, put at every big railway station men gifted with a special visual memory, who have carefully studied the photographs of the patriots they are looking for. They are 'physiognomists' like the employees in the gambling rooms of the big casinos, who had to remember all the players.

The Gestapo likes to employ elderly men with a debonair appearance and a ribbon in their buttonhole for shadowing. People are less suspicious of these greying gentlemen. When one is shadowed by them the danger is not yet really close. They place you, localize you and pass on the information. But if afterwards you see younger and stronger men in your wake, expect the worst.

★ ★ ★

I am living in a big city, at the house of a *juge d'instruction*, as his servant. It's good cover. Unfortunately I have to see a great many people. Such coming and going in a quiet household is quickly noticed. I can't stay here much longer.

★ ★ ★

Mathilde has come back from her tour. She has made a complete report on our sectors for me. She has seen everyone, and spent every night in the train. She finds it less tiring than looking after a large family in poverty. To tell the truth, she no longer looks like an housewife, I think that her new way of life and her cold fury and despair have entirely changed her expression and her way of moving. But she has been practising as well. She told me that on her travels she changed her personality several times. Sometimes she powdered her hair and wore a

severe black dress, at others she used make-up and dressed conspicuously. 'I change fairly easily from the old lady bountiful to the old tart,' said she in her business-like way.

One of the most important things she has done has been to establish relations with the local heads of other groups to avoid overlapping and interference in operations. It sometimes happens that two or three different organizations have the same objective at the same time—sabotage, train-wrecking, assassination, or execution. If we are without contact the squads are multiplied uselessly and so are the risks. It is also necessary to avoid the risk of a minor operation bringing the police down on a district where a major operation is in preparation. And yet the exchange of plans increases the danger of an indiscretion.

It is the eternal problem of underground life. Recruiting can't be carried on without taking people into our confidence, nor any action, and yet to take them into our confidence is an imprudence. The only remedy is to partition everything, so as to limit the havoc. The Communists are the great masters of partitioning, as in everything connected with the underground city. Mathilde returned full of admiration for the strength of discipline and method which she found among them. But short of working underground a quarter of a century, one can't catch up with them. They are the professionals, we are still paying our apprentice fees.

★ ★ ★

Mathilde has found an attic in the house of a little dressmaker. She said she was a nurse. Tomorrow she will have her papers. She is going to direct one of our fighting units.

★ ★ ★

Still I remain with the *juge d'instruction*. He is nothing in the organization, but a friend ready to help. But a loyal friend. He has just examined a Gaullist affair where four of our people are accused. One of the four when arrested made a confession, which led to the detention of the other three. The judge has been able to persuade the denouncer to go back on his declaration, and to put it down solely to the brutality of the police—which is quite real enough. The judge said to him: 'My summing up will ask for the lightest possible sentence for you.' In fact, he has done everything to keep the informer shut up as long as possible. We

have no prisons at our disposal, it's a bit of luck to be able to turn the Vichy ones to good account.

Every evening the judge tells me how the affair is going; the three comrades will only know how they got off after the war. If they are still alive—and I.

★ ★ ★

The boss is in Paris. I sent him a long verbal post-bag by Jean François. Jean François has come back. The boss agrees that Felix, Lemasque and Jean François take charge of the maquis on the spot. He approves of the promotion of Mathilde.

★ ★ ★

The Gestapo has enormous sums of money at its disposal for information. We know a little town of ten thousand people where its budget is a million francs a month. With that it's been able to buy four well-placed informers. It would be easy to liquidate them, but I think it's better to hang on to them till the final settlement. Traitors whose faces we know are less dangerous.

★ ★ ★

We have friends everywhere on the enemy side. And I wonder if the enemy ever suspects how numerous, active and well-distributed they are. I'm not speaking of the Vichy organizations. There's not one sous-préfecture, mairie, police-station, food office, prison, commissariat or government office where we haven't some of our people installed. Every time one of our comrades is in danger of being handed over to the Gestapo, Laval himself finds a note on his desk, warning him that we hold him personally responsible for our comrade. For Vichy it's not so difficult, but even among the Germans we have our 'entrées.'

★ ★ ★

The Bison is always perfect. Mathilde asked him for four German uniforms. The Bison got them. That means the death of at least four German soldiers. We will never know how the Bison did it. He has the Foreign Legionary's discretion.

Mathilde astonishes him and he respects her. He says of her, 'She's somebody'.

★ ★ ★

Off again. Room taken under a fifth alibi. My papers: Colonial officer on leave. Inoculations against malaria. Mathilde, as a nurse, comes to give me them.

Mathilde's first operation.

One of our most useful group-leaders had recently been taken from the prison, where he was being held, to a hospital. Yesterday evening an ambulance with four German soldiers and a nurse presented itself at the hospital. The nurse showed an order from the Gestapo to hand over our group-leader to her. Neither Mathilde nor her men had needed to use force.

Felix, Lemasque and Jean François are working all out to organize some mountain shelters where those who won't be deported are in hiding.

Visited Lemasque's sector.

I am not emotional, but I do not think I shall ever forget what I have seen. Hundreds and hundreds of young people returning to savagery. They can't wash. They can't shave. Their long hair hangs over cheeks burnt by the sun and the rain. They sleep in holes, in caves, in the mud. Their food is a terrible daily problem. The peasants do what they can, but that can't last indefinitely. Their clothes fall off in tatters, their shoes are torn to shreds. I've seen boys wearing old bits of tyre for shoes, or even bits of bark tied round their feet with laces. I've seen others whose only costume was an old potato sack split in two and tied round the loins like a negro's pants. One can't tell any longer where these boys come from. Are they peasants, workmen, employees, students? They all wear the same hunger, the same misery, the same anger and the same bitterness on their faces. The ones I visited were well disciplined under Lemasque and his helpers. We get them as much food and as much money as we can. But there are thousands of fugitives in the various maquis. No secret organization can look after even their most primitive needs. Either they must die of hunger then, or take to looting, or give themselves up. And winter hasn't come yet. Cursed be those who put such a choice before our young men.

★ ★ ★

Lemasque has improved wonderfully. The affairs he was in charge of while I was in London and his present job have taught him decision and authority. His nerves are under control. His spirit is disciplined, but shines out with a slow fire. He has a powerful action on the feelings of those who live by instinct such as he commands.

I had no time to see the territories of Jean François and Felix.

I have to make an urgent report to London on this inspection by the next mail.

★ ★ ★

Felix has sent me a liaison agent with a whole list of things needed in his maquis. At the bottom of the list the following note:

'Vichy has sent a company of *gardes mobiles* to the region to track us down. I have got into touch with the captain. We have talked and we understand one another. He said to me, "Don't be afraid, I was an officer of the Republican Guard. I took my oath to defend the Republic. Today the Republic is in the maquis. I shall defend it there."'

★ ★ ★

Mathilde has made a discovery which confirms some information about which we weren't quite sure.

The dressmaker where Mathilde has taken an attic has a son of about twelve. Like all town children of our time he has a grey skin, flabby muscles and a famished look in his eyes. He is very gentle and has great delicacy of feeling. Mathilde is very fond of him. This little boy works as a page at the Hotel T. The job is a good one, not so much for his salary as for the scraps from the restaurant that he is sometimes given. Mathilde was asked to share one of these feasts. She said nothing was more pathetic than to see the little boy pretending that he wasn't hungry so as to give more to his mother, and the mother enacting the same comedy, when neither could take their eyes off the food.

Well, lately the child has been sleeping terribly. He moans, cries, screams in his sleep, and seems to suffocate. The shivering fits which seize him are almost convulsions. He seems delirious and calls out 'Stop hurting. Don't kill her. I implore you not to cry like that.'

In desperation his mother has consulted Mathilde, whom she still takes for a nurse. Mathilde spent part of the night listening to the little boy's nightmares. Then she woke him up gently. A woman who has had as many children as Mathilde, and loved them so much, knows how to speak to boys. The dressmaker's son has told her everything. For about a week he has been put under the orders of the guests who occupy the third floor of the hotel. He has to wait on the landing and answer the

bell. The whole floor, he says, is occupied by ladies and gentlemen who speak French well but are all Germans. They entertain a great deal. There are men and women who always come between two German soldiers. And these French people's eyes always look unnatural, as if they are afraid and do not wish to show it. And they are always taken to the same room, No. 87. Almost always cries, and peculiar noises and moans are heard. The noises stop and then go on again. And again. 'Till it makes you ill, I assure you, Madam,' said the child to Mathilde. 'The screams of the women they are hurting, they are worse than anything. And if you could see in what a state they leave. Often they are taken into another room and then they bring them back. And it begins again. I didn't want to speak to anyone about it because I was afraid to think about it.'

That was how we discovered the whereabouts of the Torture Chamber for this town.

★ ★ ★

Next day Mathilde asked me what advice I would have given the dressmaker about her son.

'But to take him away from the hotel at once,' I said. 'Well, I persuaded her to let him stay on,' said Mathilde. 'It is so valuable to have a spy in such a place. Above all an innocent one. Her mouth narrowed, and she looked at me inquiringly with a very sad expression. I had to force myself to tell her she was right.'

★ ★ ★

A SEVERE BLOW FOR OUR NEWSPAPER

It was set up at several different printers, a portion in each. Thus the typesetters who worked for us could do it quickly and weren't noticed. Then the leads were carried the same day to a letter-box among ten others, arranged along a corridor. The comrade who had the house and used the letter-box took out the leads and brought them to another printer's where the newspaper was printed. Yesterday the bottom of the letter-box, too old doubtless, fell out, and the leads tumbled out in the corridor. A fool of a tenant who was passing thought that they were explosives (nearly every day there is a bomb outrage in the town). The tenant warned the police. Our friend is already in his cell. The Gestapo have asked for him.

I think he will resist in room 87. But at all costs we must change

all our printers. At present, with the German tortures, our rule is absolutely strict. As soon as a comrade who knows anything is arrested we assume *a priori* that everything which he knows the Gestapo knows too. I have changed my name and address.

★ ★ ★

The captain of the Gardes Mobiles has kept the promise he made Felix. He hasn't found a single deserter from deportation in the Maquis. Every day he does a round of the woods and the valleys, but is careful to send ahead a motor cyclist scout who makes an infernal din. In this way everyone is warned. But the Captain has just let Felix know that two officers of the S.S. have arrived to direct and superintend the manhunt.

★ ★ ★

A brothel-owner said to one of his friends who has a bar, 'My house has been taken over by the Boches. It's never worked so hard. But I didn't want this money, it burns my fingers. I would like to use it against the Boches.' The bar-keeper spoke of this wish to the Bison. He confided it to Mathilde. She saw the brothel-owner. 'How shall I know that it is really being used against the Boches?' he asked her. 'We will put out an agreed phrase on the wireless,' she answered. We sent the phrase on. It was repeated on the wireless. We have received 500,000 francs. What's more, the brothel-keeper has put a wonderful estate at our disposal. An old general who has helped us a lot through his connections with the army and whom the police are looking for has taken refuge there already.

★ ★ ★

AN ADVENTURE OF FELIX

The Captain of the Gardes Mobiles has warned him that the two S.S. officers have begun to suspect his manoeuvre, and that he couldn't resist their pressure much longer. Felix set himself to study the habits and country of the two Germans. The company of Gardes Mobiles is billeted in a big village. The two Germans have taken a chalet on the mountain side. Getting up very early they always go to breakfast in a little inn between their chalet and the village. The path to the inn is between high banks and makes a sharp bend at one place. It was a perfect site for an ambush.

Felix has a tommy-gun in his armoury. He could finish the Germans off alone. But in the village there are two stout fellows

who say everywhere that they are ready for anything against the Germans. One is a postman, the other the harness-maker. Felix decides that this is their testing-time. If they are just boasters, it's better to be warned. If they are really capable of action they must be roped in. Felix suggests the job to the postman and the harness-maker. They accept.

At dawn the three men were at the bend in the path. Felix has his tommy-gun, the postman and the harness-maker their revolvers. The sun is beginning to rise. The Germans draw near. They hear them talking in their language and laughing loudly. They have no anxiety. They are the masters in a conquered country. Felix appears and turns the tommy-gun on them. The two officers look for a second at this short bearded man with his round red face. They hold their hands up.

'They understood at once,' said Felix. 'Their faces didn't even move.' Felix had only to press the trigger to finish them. But he wanted the postman and the harness-maker to pass their test. He ordered each of them to kill a man. They came up and fired several shots, closing their eyes a little, it appears. Without dropping their eyes the Germans fell with great simplicity. Their grave was prepared in advance. Felix and his accomplices threw the bodies in and arranged squares of earth covered with grass over them. Except for these three men no one would ever be able to find the graves of these two officers of the S.S.

'It was a nice bit of work,' said Felix, 'but to speak frankly my heart wasn't quite in it. These swine had really got some courage. And that look when they understood me nearly turned my stomach. We hid our arms and those of the S.S. and went to have a coffee in the bistro where the Boches were going. I wondered how my postman and harness-maker would react, because I still feel sick myself, though I've seen some bad businesses. Well, as for them, they took their coffee quietly and began to snore on the banquette. In the afternoon the postman took his letters and the other sold his rubbish as if nothing had happened. Felix scratched his head and added, 'The French certainly have changed.'

★ ★ ★

The boss will be delighted by the postman and the harness-maker. This man with exceptional culture and intelligence only likes stories of children and simple people.

I am lodging with a young couple of very modest means. He is a clerk in a silk merchant's and spends his nights travelling as our liaison officer. His wife waits in queues, does the cooking, looks after the house, and acts as my secretary, which forces her to pass chaste nights. She has frequent fainting fits. I mention them to the husband. He finds that quite natural. All the same he loves his wife. But our business comes first.

★ ★ ★

I think that among those in the underground movement something is evolving in inverse ratio to their temperaments. Those who were soft, sensitive and peace-loving are getting tough. Those who were as hard as I was, as I am still, become more open to sentiment. The reason? Perhaps people who see life under smiling colours defend themselves through a kind of inner armour from the contact of the often terrible realities which the Resistance brings into the open. And perhaps people like myself, who take a fairly pessimistic view of mankind, realize from the Resistance that men are worth more than we give them credit for.

There's only the boss who remains always equal to himself. I think he must long ago have assessed the possibilities of good and evil which each human being possesses without knowing.

★ ★ ★

A long talk with Louis H., chief of a group with which we often co-operate. We discussed first of all a very urgent question. Louis H. has three men in a concentration camp to whom he is particularly attached. The Gestapo has claimed these three men. They are going to be handed over to it by train in four days. Louis H.'s organization has been terribly tried in the last month, and he has not got enough men to rescue his comrades. He has come to ask me if we would undertake the operation. I shall give the necessary orders.

Then, without wishing it, and as old schoolmates, regimental or war comrades do, we let ourselves drift into reminiscences. Both of us are among the veterans of Resistance. We have seen a lot of water and blood flow under the bridges. Louis H. worked out that of four hundred who formed his group at the beginning only five were left now with their life and liberty. If we have a greater proportion of survivors (a matter of luck, perhaps of organization) the work is all the same, tremendous. And the Gestapo strikes

without stopping, always harder and closer. But the enemy cannot succeed in suppressing the Resistance. It's over, it's too late. We decided with Louis H. that a year ago the Germans could, if they had shot or arrested a thousand picked men, have beheaded all our groups and disorganized the Resistance for a long time, perhaps till the war was over. Today that's impossible. There are too many resisters, and substitute resisters, helpers and accomplices. If all the men were deported the women would remain. And there are some surprising ones. Resistance has taken the shape of the Hydra. Cut off one head and ten grow again.

★ ★ ★

Louis H. having left, I had a fit of depression. It's not good to count the missing. And then I haven't been sleeping all these days. I think of the Mont Valérien, where not a day passes without executions, of that park of Chaville where every day a lorry brings the condemned before an execution squad, of the rifle-range of Z., where not a day goes by without our comrades being machine-gunned.

I have thought about the cells of Fresne, the cellars of Vichy, about room 87 in the hotel T. where every day, every night, they burn women's breasts and break their toes, and stick pins under their nails, and send electric currents through the sexual organs. I have thought of the prisons and the concentration camps where people die of hunger, of consumption, of cold, of vermin. I have thought of the team of our underground newspaper, completely renewed three times over, of the sectors where not a man, not a woman remains of those who saw the work begin.

And I asked myself as a practical thinker, as an engineer who designs a blue-print, do the results we obtain justify these massacres? Is our newspaper worth the death of its editors, its printers, its distributors? Are our little sabotages, our individual assassinations, our modest little secret army which will perhaps never go into action, are they worth our terrible losses? Are leaders like us who enflame and train and sacrifice so many stout fellows and brave men, so many simpletons, impatient people roused up for a suffocating, struggle, for a war in secret, of famine and torture—are such leaders, in short, really necessary for victory?

As a practical thinker, as an honest mathematician, I have to admit that I have no idea. And even that I don't believe we are. In numbers, for all useful purposes, we work at a loss. Then I have

thought, that we should in all honesty give it up. But the moment the thought of giving up has come to me I have known it was impossible. Impossible to leave to others the whole weight and care of protecting us, of rescuing us. Impossible to leave the Germans with the memory of a country without a come-back, without dignity, without hatred. I have felt that an enemy killed by us who have neither uniform nor flag nor land, that such an enemy was heavier and more efficacious in the scales which weigh a country's destiny than a whole holocaust on the field of battle. I know that we have waged the French people's most glorious war. A war of little material use, since victory is already assured us, even without our help. A war which no one compels us to wage, a war with no glory, a war of executions and assassinations, in fact a free war. But this war is an act of love and an act of hate. In short an act of living.

'For a people to be so generous with its blood,' said the boss one day, with his quiet smile, 'That proves at least that its corpuscles are red.'

A Communist girl said to me: 'My girl friend, a little woman of no importance, was so tortured at the Santé that ever since she has escaped she has always carried poison with her. You understand, she couldn't go through that again. She would rather die. So she asked the Party for poison in case she should be taken prisoner again. Because to give up working against the Boche, you understand, is out of the question. One might as well die right away.'

★ ★ ★

Spent the day in the country with the owner of a big vineyard. He said to me among other things:

'The day you want a tank just let me know.' I learnt that during the retreat of our armies he had picked up an old Renault tank. He had driven it into one of his garages and had it shut in. I hadn't the courage to tell him that his old lump of iron was worthless. He was so proud of it—and then for this tank he had risked his life, which was so soft and easy.

★ ★ ★

Mathilde and the Bison have left to plan the escape of the three prisoners with which we have been entrusted by Louis H.

[Translated by C. C.]

TO BE CONTINUED

ARTHUR KOESTLER

II—THE MIXED TRANSPORT

THERE are trains which are scheduled on no time-table. But they run all over Europe. Ten to twenty closed cattle-trucks, locked from outside, pulled by an old-fashioned locomotive. Few people see them because they start and arrive at night. I have travelled in one.

I have never spoken of it before. They call them Mixed Transports because they contain various categories of freight. Ours started with seventeen carriages.

We didn't know where we were going. They opened my cell after midnight and said: 'Come along'. In the dim corridor there was a long file of others, all with their hands tied behind their backs and one long rope running through the loops which their arms formed, like a festoon. When I was fixed up, the Indian file was set in motion, until we stopped at the next cell and more men were tied on behind me. Outside the gate we were loaded onto a lorry and driven to the railway station.

The train was already standing there. Fifteen cattle-trucks all bolted from outside, looking dead and abandoned; only the locomotive coughing and spitting sparks into the night. We tried to find out from our guards where we were to go, but they said they didn't know, it was a Mixed Transport. They lined us up on the platform and bustled around us with electric torches, reading the roll and shouting at each other. While this went on, a voice in one of the last cattle-trucks of the train, which we had thought was empty, began to scream. Later we learned that the last seven trucks were all filled with Jews. It was a long, articulated scream, something like the Muezzin's call from a minaret. I didn't understand its meaning, but later it was translated to me; it said:

'WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES?'

And immediately a thunder of voices answered in a queer melody from inside the trucks:

'WE SHALL MAKE MERRY WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES.'

Then the voice asked:

'WHO SHALL DANCE FOR US WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES?'

And the invisible freight in the cattle-trucks sang:

‘DAVID OUR KING SHALL DANCE FOR US,

AND WE SHALL MAKE MERRY WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES.’

Meanwhile somebody in our file had said something and a guard kicked him in the belly so that he fell, pulling with him all the others who were tied to the same rope. While we scrambled to our feet the voice in the train asked:

‘WHO SHALL READ THE LAW WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES?’

One of the chief guards shouted: ‘Shut them up, for God’s sake’, and several guards leaped across the rails and hammered with their truncheons against the sliding doors of the trucks; and as this didn’t help, one of them emptied his pistol into the truck through the iron grating of the ventilator. For a second there was a silence inside that carriage, then some cries; and then the singing was resumed even louder:

‘MOSES OUR RABBI SHALL READ THE LAW FOR US,

DAVID OUR KING SHALL DANCE FOR US,

AND WE SHALL MAKE MERRY WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES.’

At last they shoved us into a truck, the third one behind the locomotive, and shut the sliding doors and locked them from outside; and after a while the train gave several jerks and started off.

As I said, the last seven carriages contained Jews, that is to say, two loads of Useful Jews who were being taken to dig fortifications, and five loads of Useless Jews, old and sickly ones, who were being taken to be killed. Then there were two trucks with political prisoners, including mine; two trucks with young women who were being taken to army brothels: one for officers, the other for N.C.O.s and men; and six trucks with people who were being taken to work in factories and labour camps. That’s why it was called a Mixed Transport.

After an hour or so, the train stopped at a station and they started shunting. One carriage with Politicals was detached from us and two more carriages with foreign labourers attached. Then we went on, the old locomotive spitting sparks and all the rusty iron of our carriages jingling and clattering like smashed pottery. About two o’clock in the morning we stopped again and the shunting started once more. The carriages with the labourers were all detached from us and two new carriages attached to the rear, behind the singing Jews. These two contained the women and their children from a razed village where

the men had been shot or taken away. At the next station we left the Useful Jews behind and got instead a wagon-load of gipsies who, they said, were being taken to be sterilized. All this we learned by listening to the shouts and commands at the stations where we stopped. They were all dark and deserted with guards and machine-guns on the platforms. At each station they started shunting us about again, as if playing general post; it seemed a favourite sport with them, perhaps because they enjoy organizing. They gave us nothing to eat or to drink, except for the women who were being taken to the brothels. At each station the doors of their trucks were slid open a few inches, their ordure-bins taken out by the guards and brought back again, disinfected; then a basket with big loaves of bread was handed into each truck, and into one of them also a dixie with coffee. The coffee was for the women who had been chosen for the officers.

Our truck moved sometimes in one direction, sometimes in the other. We had no idea where we were going; everything around us was pitch dark and filled with clattering. But before daybreak the sound of the locomotive became short-breathed and panting; so we knew we were climbing into the mountains, towards the frontier.

Then we stopped for good in open country. By then we must have been pretty high, judging by the cold, and the air smelt different—that is, the stench in our carriage had changed its texture, as it were. I forgot to say that we had no ordure bins in our truck and were packed so tightly that we could only sit, not lie; and as we were continuously scrambling about to have a look through the ventilation grate, we were treading all the time in heaps of excrement.

After a while there was more clattering in front, and we gathered that they were uncoupling the locomotive from our train. Next we saw her puff past us on the other rail and then disappear, scuttling backwards in the direction of the valley whence we had come. She seemed now to run easily and gaily, having got rid of us. The loss of our locomotive made us all feel depressed. After some minutes we heard her whistling faintly from the valley, saying farewell to us.

Soon afterwards the day broke and we saw that we had been left on a siding, near the edge of an abandoned quarry. Perhaps

you know that part of our mountains—it is all broken rocks and chalk and rubble, and as dead as a crater on the moon. As it gradually became lighter, we saw at first nothing but rugged boulders, slopes covered with scree, and the sky. Then, when the ground-fog lifted, we saw the two vans.

They looked enormous, like furniture-removal vans, and stood lonely and apparently pointlessly on the road which led to the top of the quarry. We had heard rumours about those vans before, but we knew nothing for certain; their exhaust pipes looked quite normal. They stood in a bend of the road, with no sign of life anywhere, all by themselves, their blind headlights pointing at the sky.

We stood for many hours on that siding and nothing happened. The sun rose higher, and all those rocks and stones began to heat, and the air over the rails began to quiver and boil. The stench in our carriage became very bad indeed. Above our heads we heard scratching and pecking, and after a while we found out that swarms of big birds were perching on the roofs of all the trucks; they had probably been attracted by the smell of our train. We watched them circle and sail among the rocks. Now and then one of them clung for a short time to our ventilation grates, pecking with its hard beak through the gaps and flapping with its wings. I had never seen such birds before; they had bald, cadaverous heads and long wrinkled necks like a plucked hen's. We tried to slay them with whatever we had in our pockets, but they always got away.

Our guards walked down into the quarry as soon as it had become hot, after mounting a machine-gun on top of the quarry. They had carried picnic-baskets with them and were probably camping somewhere in the shadow, out of our sight and smell. So the hours passed and there was nothing but the heat, the smell, the scree and the birds. At first we tried to communicate with the other carriages, because we all thought that the others knew more about what they were going to do with us. But it needed very loud shouting through the ventilation grates to be heard or understood in the next carriages, because all the grates were on the flanks of the train; and after a while nobody bothered any more. The whole train seemed to be asleep or dead.

Around midday the women in one of the carriages began to scream. First it was only one or two voices, then it was the whole

carriage, and the birds from the roof of the train rose into the air. I have heard men yell when they beat them or did other things to them, but this was nothing like it. That screaming tore right through one's brain and made one quiver and shake with the desire to join in the yelling with all the power of one's lungs and to jump about and beat one's head against the iron wall of the carriage. So some of us pushed to the grate and shouted abuse at the women. After a while the guards came running from the quarry, firing pistol-shots into the air. But they did not dare to open the sliding door of the truck, so they brought the water hose from the coal tender, fixed it to a tank on the roof of the gipsies' carriage and pumped water on the women until they calmed down. Later we learned that one of the women in the truck, a nurse who had been decorated in the war, had smuggled a razor with her. There were a number of girls in the truck who wanted to die instead of going to the brothels, but they didn't know how. So the nurse offered to help them to open their veins, and she had already done it to about a dozen who were sitting lined up in one corner of the truck, waiting to die and being sick, while others queued up. But there was another party of women who were afraid that they would be punished for not reporting what was going on. They had argued and quarrelled all the time and then one woman had tried to take the razor away from the nurse; the suicide party defended her and there was a fight in which one of the girls had her face slashed and started to scream; and then the others had joined in, screaming, jumping and dancing, and banging their heads against the walls.

After the women had been calmed with the water hose, the guards took those who had tried to kill themselves out of the carriage, put them down on the rails and bandaged them. They tied their hands behind their backs so that they couldn't tear the dressings off with their teeth, and carried them one by one into a compartment of the guards' carriage where they locked them up. We saw them being carried past our grate; they were by now limp and silent, only one had to be gagged.

The guards then rushed up and down along the train, looking through the grates and shouting that if there were any dead and the others did not report it, the whole carriage would be punished. When they came to the gipsies' carriage they stopped and laughed and called each other, and then all clotted at the grate;

trying to have a look. The reason was that there were gipsies of both sexes in that truck, and as they were going to be sterilized and didn't know precisely what that meant, they were making love all in a heap for what they thought was the last time. The guards encouraged them with shouts and jokes until they got tired of it. Then they went back to their picnic in the quarry, the train calmed down, the sun shone even hotter and the birds returned.

An hour or so later, a sports car with two officers came driving up to the road which led to the top of the quarry, and stopped behind the vans. The guards lined up and the officers inspected them as though on parade. They talked for a few minutes; then the guards lined up in two rows, forming a lane from the vans to the last of the carriages with the Useless Jews. Two guards climbed into the driving-seats of the vans and started the engines. We were watching the exhaust-pipes of the vans; at first they puffed out a greyish-blue mixture, then as the engines warmed up, the jet which they expelled lost its colour, but we could see that the gas was still coming out by the quivering of the air.

Then the doors of the last truck were slid open and the Useless Jews began to walk in pairs through the lane, and to climb into the vans. The vans didn't have their backs open like furniture vans when loading; there was only a narrow door in them, and a little wooden ladder was leaning against it so that the Jews, some of whom were very old, didn't have to scramble to get in. At the foot of each ladder stood one of the officers with a list in his hand, who called out the names and made a mark with his pencil each time a man or woman disappeared into the van. Sometimes their first names or dates of birth were wrong in the list, and they told the officer, who corrected it. Quite a number of them were old married couples who walked together through the lane of guards, the old woman with her hand on the old man's arm, who bent gallantly towards her like a bridegroom on his wedding day. They looked very neat and dressed up, and we wondered how they had managed that in their truck. What surprised us even more was that most of the ancients wore hats—black felt hats or little black silk skull-caps which they must have brushed for a long time against their sleeves. Some of the men walked through the double row of guards saying their prayers in a loud singsong voice and beating their chests with

their fists as they do in their churches; not humbly, but rather in pride and wrath as if arguing with themselves; they never looked at the guards. Some walked slowly, but some with a long hurried stride as if they had an appointment to keep in that van.

When both vans were full, one of the officers gave a sign, and their doors were shut. We saw that these doors were very thick and of complicated construction like a safe's, to make them airtight. When they were locked, the officer gave another sign to the drivers who were looking back from their seats. Both engines began to roar at full strength, but the vans didn't move. We watched the exhaust pipes and saw the pale blue gas stream out. Then the officer took out his watch and gave a third sign to the drivers. The engines went on roaring as before and the vans remained rooted to the spot, but the gas-jet from the exhaust pipes had disappeared. The guards sat down on the slope beside the train and rolled cigarettes. The officer remained standing between the two vans, his eyes on the watch in his hand. You could hear nothing but the roaring of the engines of those two immobile vans. This went on for several minutes, and nothing outside seemed to change or to move. There was only the sun, and the rails, and the sky and the stones. Then a comrade in our carriage said he smelt gas and began to vomit, and several other comrades were sick too; so we shared out our last cigarettes and all smoked.

After perhaps twenty minutes, but it might have been more or less, because none of us had a watch left, the officer put his watch into his pocket and peeped through what must have been a spy-hole first into one van, then into the other. Then again he gave a sign; the sound of the engines ebbed down to normal and the vans began to move. They moved down the narrow cart track covered with rubble and dust, shaking and bumping. This sight again made us feel sick because we were thinking of how the contents of the vans would be bounced and shuffled together on that rough track. The birds rose into the air and followed the vans, circling high above them in the air. Then vans and birds disappeared from our sight, and everything calmed down again.

But after about half an hour the vans came back, rattling over the road and trailing a cloud of white dust behind them. They were empty, and their exhaust pipes puffed merrily, like those of

normal, healthy lorries. They turned and took up their positions exactly as before. The back doors were opened, the ladders propped up against them, the guards again lined up in a double row. This time they finished with the last carriage of the Useless Jews and began emptying the last but one.

This went on all through the afternoon and through part of the night. When darkness came, the guards forming the row held burning torches in their hands—not electric torches but real ones. Those Jews who were still left had started singing again, while waiting for their turn to come. They have strange songs—gay ones which sound sad, and sad ones which sound almost gay. One song began by telling about a fire-place in which there is no fire, and with his back to it sits the old rabbi twisting his side-whiskers and around him the children with chattering teeth, and he teaches them their ancient alphabet and they repeat it all together in their queer singsong, swaying their bodies forward and back, getting warmer and warmer, until suddenly they see that there is a beautiful big crackling fire in the fire-place, which nobody has laid.

But their favourite song was the one we heard when we got into the train; as the doors of their trucks were now open, it came to us in greater strength. As each Useless Jew marched through the row, the torches in the guards' hands made his shadow grow and dance on the rocks. And as he reached the top of the ladder, before entering the van, he would turn round, throw up his arms to the sky and yell back towards the truck:

‘HOW SHALL WE FEAST WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES?’

And those who still remained in the truck would sing in answer:

‘ON BEHEMOTH’S MEAT SHALL WE FEAST.’

The man on top of the ladder would then turn round with little dancing steps to the door, and disappear into the van; and the next one would throw up his arms and ask:

‘WHAT SHALL WE DRINK WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES?’

And the others would sing:

‘WINE FROM MOUNT CARMEL SHALL WE DRINK,

ON BEHEMOTH’S MEAT SHALL WE FEAST,

DEBORAH OUR MOTHER SHALL SIT IN COURT,

MOSES OUR RABBI SHALL READ THE LAW FOR US,

DAVID OUR KING SHALL DANCE FOR US,

AND WE SHALL MAKE MERRY WHEN MESSIAH ARRIVES.’

After midnight the five trucks with the Useless Jews were all empty and there was no more singing. The two officers departed in their sports car, their headlights leaping from rock to rock. After a while our locomotive came back from the valley, coughing and spitting, and we departed. During the night there was more shunting at various stations. The gipsy-carriage was detached from us, and so were the two carriages with the future prostitutes, all at different stations and all going to different destinations. Towards morning I and ten others were fetched out from our truck and transferred to a blind compartment in an ordinary passenger train. We travelled all morning and at noon arrived at the town from which we had started thirty-six hours ago, and were taken back to our prison. Apparently there had been a mistake in the lists and we should never have gone on that transport. When I was left alone in my old cell I was so happy that I kissed the iron bolt on my door.

Well, this was a detail from one of the many Mixed Transports. They are on no time-table, but every night they run in all directions—ten to twenty cattle trucks locked and bolted, drawn by an old-fashioned locomotive spitting sparks into the night.

RUDOLPH FRIEDMANN

KIERKEGAARD

The Analysis of the Psychological Personality

I

IN the nineteenth century schizophrenia led to speculative constructions in the realm of subjective philosophy and æsthetic dramas of the soul which aspired either to destroy or reach beyond the traditional father-Imago. Out of the Nordic mists, beginning with Swedenborg, there arose the great schizothymic geniuses Kierkegaard, Ibsen and Strindberg, strange Gothic, phallic figures, yet touched with the serenity and delicacy of the Classical world, the mountainous waves of their instinctive life beating upon the Scandinavian shores with the tremendous majesty of the Primæval Father and, in another mood, with the seductive

calm of the beckoning mother. Playful little naïve kitten waves, touched with the faintly masochistic innocence of youth and, at another time, a ruthless destructive sea filled with the cleansing potency of the great Father, a sea that assaults the heavens and caresses the earth as it mirrors the moods of the parents—amidst the dissonant music of such contradictions one can bring forward the figure of Soeren Kierkegaard. The Danish name Kierkegaard denotes a parsonage including the cemetery. In the psychic lives of primitive peoples and neurotics the name plays an important rôle influencing behaviour decisively. With Kierkegaard there was an indivisible union between name and personality, the black drapery of introversion, the fatal perfume of white funeral roses, and the loneliness of the heaths of Jutland, clung to him. Only those who have been chosen for loneliness can understand loneliness, the autistic wandering through the streets, the flowering of the personality which takes place amidst the dark avenues of the night, alone and without friends, the caressing of the cold windows of life with passionate and yet hopeless, withdrawn lips, the outward clamouring for admission to the world involving the narcissistic contradiction of desiring to be overlooked, to be rejected and passed by. Soeren Kierkegaard was the Petroushka of philosophy. Physically, in his childhood, he inhabited that bare grey cell and psychologically the terrible Father-God overshadowed his days. In later life, instead of healing and ministering to the blood and wounds of the spirit, the shafts of Eros wounded him yet again. And still, in the overwhelming identification with Christ, he turned his face again unto Jerusalem, endeavouring to plant the tree of life in the midst of the city.

II

Soeren Kierkegaard was born in Copenhagen on 5 May 1813, when his father was fifty-seven and his mother forty-five. The father, Michael Pedersen Kierkegaard, was a deeply introverted and melancholy schizophrenic who, as a constitutional type, yet possessed a certain primitive and healthy vitality which he strove throughout his life to suppress by directing its energies into religious-polemical channels. The father was deeply ashamed of his badly repressed sexuality which he never subdued. In 1797, a year after his first wife had died, as a result of the typical upsurge in the spasmodic cycle of schizophrenic sexuality, he was forced

to marry his servant, and it was out of this marriage, the relationship between the outwardly religious, God-fearing, severe and dominating father-type and the humble, masochistic, passive servant-mother, that Soeren Kierkegaard was born. 'In the beginning was the deed.' Here existed, already before S. K. was born, in the sharp conflict of types, the sexually aggressive and hence highly guilty father and the depressed and frightened mother, the dialectical basis of his suffering, his 'fear and trembling'. The father never overcame the healthy instinctive side of his nature and, consequently, he lived until he was eighty-two. For one only lives as long as one anticipates love. The unresolved conflict between primitive sexuality and a highly sublimated form of religious-ethical thought he handed over to his son. The son had to bear this heavy burden, this severe and cold punishment, this command to go beyond the physical basis of life, this prohibition of marriage, this uprooting of sexuality, which the father thought alone could redeem and purify him. Three years after his father's death, in 1841, the shadow of the father triumphed and S. K. broke off his engagement to Regine Olsen. Through the instrument of the son, the father achieved what he himself had not been able to accomplish in his lifetime, the conquest of sexuality. Michael Pedersen Kierkegaard's life was separated from reality by the pathos of a distance which he never overcame; however the conflict between melancholia and instinct was never sufficiently great for it to attain to genius. The son achieved the real pathos of the distant instinct beating against the spiritual personality. The personality which weeps within itself and yet, without any biological release, manages to remain fresh and pure and open to the voice of nature, to the sighing of the tender young grass, as it treads over the fields of life. In *The Journals* (entry 413) S. K. has written the following account of his childhood: 'His home did not offer many diversions, and as he almost never went out, he early grew accustomed to occupying himself with his own thoughts. His father was a very severe man . . . when occasionally Johannes (a pseudonym for S. K.) asked his permission to go out, he generally refused to give it, though once in a while he proposed instead that Johannes should take his hand and walk up and down the room.' And in another entry (435): 'When I feel God's disapproval I am more wretched than a sucking-calf; when he nods approval to me I am prouder than the

whole world'. That is how the childhood of Kierkegaard passed by.

He did not especially wish to enter the world of external reality, outer relationships could not compare in tension with the special closeness of the relationship to the father. The unhappiness of this period might be termed a dialectical unhappiness; that part of his being, already a very large part, which was dominated by the categorical imperative of analysis, the super-ego, felt a deep and heavy sense of guilt as the relationship with the father deepened. And yet, at the same time, he inwardly rejoiced for he had become the favourite child of the dreaded father. They held hands, so close was their physical contact, as they walked up and down the room. The whole repressed emotion of the old and the young schizophrenic craved for expression. And they whispered words of comfort to each other. Only for those who are near to them, not physically, but in the twilight distance of family relationship, do schizophrenics feel affection. And the dreaded affection which had to be repressed, after finding an outlet with such great difficulty, was the love of the son for the father. Even the mention of the father's name aroused a tremendous sense of guilt in S. K. Kierkegaard had a classical, sublimated, incestuous, homosexual relationship with the father. In the same way, God as the Primæval Father and Jesus Christ as the Son loved and struggled with each other with the ambivalence born of intellectual homosexual rivalry. Through the fixation of the libido in his childhood on the father, and at a later period of his life on God, Kierkegaard became an unconscious homosexual and therefore the renunciation of marriage and normal sexuality did not fundamentally matter to him. He, of course, denied this. Consciously he strove to reach out towards love and marriage with all the intensity of which only the pure, aristocratic schizophrenic is capable. And he was sad when he failed, sad with the beautiful unconscious pathos of nineteenth-century suffering, the pathos of those who faintly saw the gates of analysis opening, but had to die beforehand, bearing the curse and the greatness of their suffering alone. On the mountain paths of despair, the unhappy children of the nineteenth century took on the stature and grandeur of the Imago. God rewarded them for their struggle to be near to Him and raised them up to be at His side.

While the mother played the rôle of Martha, the wife as cook and servant, S. K. played the role of the intellectual companion,

the spiritual wife, to the father. The idea of referring to Kierkegaard as a *wife*, as a woman, may seem strange to those who are unfamiliar with the bi-sexuality of the Kierkegaardian dialectic. It will suffice to say here that the biblical character Isaac in the famous *Fear and Trembling* is generally accepted as masking the figure of Regine Olsen. Outwardly in his dealings with reality S. K., in his childhood, as in his later life, assumed a mask of cheerfulness. This represents the pathetic attempt of the schizophrenic to placate, before it can manifest itself, the deep hostility he feels coming towards him from the world. Either the world must be kept at arm's length or the alternative is the collapse of the personality under the hateful pressure of the masses and the flight into suicide, which represents the failure of the schizophrenic to become and maintain his position as a cold, severe and terrifying Imago. Kierkegaard, in spite of every temptation, did not commit suicide, he took the positive way out. He fostered the identification with the father until he became as one with the Father-God. Playing the rôle of the spiritual woman in his father's life, and experiencing his harsh severity, there was fostered in the young Kierkegaard the complete identification with the passive, feminine, masochistic figure of the mother. This feeling, which made him infinitely receptive to pain, may be called the feminine complex of the man, and was to emerge again, bound up with other facets of personality, as a character trait. And all the more beautiful because it was unexpressed, there glowed within him the tender regard for and understanding of the position of the mother. In 1834, when Kierkegaard was twenty-one, his mother and his favourite sister Petrea died, both in the same year. The shock of death was injected into the stream of his young life. The healthy festival of affection for the mother and the sister had finished without ever being really lived out. Love and death became indissolubly united in the youthful unconscious. The tide of human warmth and feeling streamed back into the cold sea of the dark, northern, Gothic death-instinct. In a period of shy, erotic flowering the schizophrenic genius had two delicate petals, the mother and the sister, taken away. A part of his libido was lowered into the grave, so that at an early age, his body and spirit shone back into the world with a colder radiance. The first loved ones became statues of death, grey caryatids bearing aloft the architecture of the Œdipus constellation.

III

If one wishes to learn the truth about a personality as complex as Kierkegaard one must know how to penetrate beyond the mask of factual realities and recognize that the self-revelation contained in *The Journals* is merely a screen, the persona, behind which the true psychic life exists. As with all neurotics, the confessions of Kierkegaard only contain a grain of the truth; the analytic scotoma constantly intervenes and in the revelation the emphasis falls on that which the super-ego intends to be recognized as truth rather than on the real instinctive demands of the Ego. The dialectical instrument of analysis will show that the opposite interpretation to that given in *The Journals* will approximate nearer to the truth. And above all, one must not forget that the main outlines of Kierkegaard's personality are firmly fixed within the orbit of the schizophrenic type. This type shows a special constitutional tendency towards an uneven development in the rhythm of its physical and psychical life. Both backward biological states and highly evolved emotional conditions exist simultaneously and cross each other's path in sharp collision. This law of uneven development is the basis of the schizophrenic unhappiness, especially clearly defined in the adolescent conflict when the full pathos of the first estrangement from reality emerges. Kierkegaard, with the insight of genius, referred to himself as a Janus Bifrons: 'I smile with one face, I weep with the other'.

Kierkegaard's active adolescence, containing the first total struggle against the father, broke out in 1830 when, as a seventeen-year-old student, he entered the University of Copenhagen. The revolt against the father, and everything the father stood for, lasted eight years; the years to which Dr. Lowrie refers to as *Studiosus in Perpetuum*. Kierkegaard neglected his studies and attempted to break away from the entire theological background surrounding the father. In 1835 he left home and went to live in boarding-houses, thus even physically turning his back on the presence of the father. In adolescence schizophrenics have plenty of libido for aggression if little for love; and therein, to a certain extent, lies their capacity to attain to greatness, for whereas the *pyknic*¹ type spends his time worshipping things as they are—whatever is, is, and whatever is not, is not, and everything else is the devil's doing—the fine schizophrenic pushes forward into

¹ For this and other technical psycho-analytical terms a short glossary is appended.

the intellectual fields of life and attempts to achieve the transvaluation of values. Kierkegaard's ambivalence towards Hegelianism sprang from his aggression against his teacher, the Hegelian Professor Hans Martensen, who played the rôle of the hated father-Imago both throughout S. K.'s university years and in the last period of his life.

Kierkegaard was now in the midst of his *æsthetic period* and indulged in the refinements of a decadent romantic life. For a time, pathetically trying to attract love, he dressed with pedantic regard for style, he spent the day sitting at the café and the evening at the theatre, the life of a bourgeois gipsy. The music of Mozart made a lasting impression upon him, especially *Don Juan*, with whom he identified himself.

During this period the legends of *Faust*, *Don Juan*, and *The Wandering Jew* (Ahasuerus) fascinated him; he regarded them as representative of life outside religion in its three typical aspects: doubt, sensuality, and despair. In moods of drunken dissipation Kierkegaard visited prostitutes. These visits left a traumatic effect on him as the following entry (423) in *The Journals* shows: 'In his early youth a man once let himself be carried away while in a state of intoxication, and visited a prostitute. The whole thing is forgotten (i.e. repressed R.F.). Now he wants to marry. Then comes dread. The possibility of his being a father, that somewhere in the world there might be a living creature owing its existence to him, tortures him day and night. He cannot confide in anyone, he has not even any absolute assurance of the fact. It must therefore have occurred with a prostitute, in the wild recklessness of youth; had it been a little love affair or a real seduction one could not imagine his being ignorant, but it is precisely his ignorance which is the disturbing element in his torture. On the other hand his doubt could only really appear when he falls in love, precisely because of the thoughtlessness of the whole affair.' This is followed by the tragic entry (458): 'A feeble-minded man who goes about staring at every child; for he had once, so he believed, put a girl with child, but did not know what had become of her and was now only concerned to discover, if possible, the child. No one could explain the indescribable sympathy with which he could gaze at a child'. These entries show that Kierkegaard, even in his perversions, and as befits the higher schizothymic type, was dominated by

the moral factor, the social Super-Ego, and the need to experience retribution for every upwelling of the instinctive life, which condition of erotically tinged dread satisfied his masochism. By 1837 S. K. was heavily in debt, and besides making him an annual allowance of 500 Rigsdaler, his father had to pay out 1,262 Rdl. to the impatient creditors. This reckless spending of the father's money, on endless drinking parties with his student friends, was symptomatic of the ambivalent aggression against the father. If one equates love and money, this behaviour represents Kierkegaard's attempt to get more love out of the father and at the same time to revenge himself by ruining him financially. This refinement of aggression, this emotional ambivalence of unconscious admiration and conscious hatred, reminds one irresistibly of another relationship between father and son, analogous even as regards physical characteristics, namely the youthful conflict between Frederick William I and Frederick the Great. With Kierkegaard, as with Frederick the Great in his youth, all feeling for his father had died out with the sharp collapse of his ethical traditional personality, and the eruption of the instinctive volcano smouldering behind a tranquil façade. As regards Kierkegaard's youth and his later engagement to Regine Olsen a further analogy suggests itself, the relationship of another K. to his father, namely the German novelist Franz Kafka, who, in his famous work *The Castle*, makes the frustrated attempt to take over the mantle of the father's power and authority in the realm of love and reality.

About 1835 Kierkegaard experienced the great inner earthquake when he learnt that in his youth Michael Pedersen Kierkegaard had cursed God—*Journals* (556)—‘How terrible about the man who once as a little boy, while herding the flocks on the heaths of Jutland, suffering greatly in hunger and in want, stood upon a hill and cursed God—and the man was unable to forget it even when he was eighty-two years old’. This revelation, breaking over S. K. like a mighty wave, struck him down into the lowest depths of despair. It touched him to the quick of his being, aged him considerably, as if overnight, so that the youth gradually took over the gloomy burden of the father's guilt, and the soft contours of his face were hollowed out, reproducing the harsh image of the father's severe and irritable countenance. If one looks at Kierkegaard's behaviour from the analytical view point

one should observe that he would not have felt such a special overpowering, almost paralysing sense of guilt, if only the father had been concerned. It must have touched a chord which concerned him much more intimately, and this is precisely what he wishes to conceal. Soeren Kierkegaard himself had cursed his father, the prototype of God, as a little boy, and wished that he would die. The son's death wish had then been projected on to the father and rationalized as originating with the father. In reality Kierkegaard was the psychological murderer of his father, and therefore he had real reason to fear and to tremble and to contemplate suicide: 'I have just returned from a party of which I was the life and soul; wit poured from my lips, everyone laughed and admired me—but I went away—and the dash should be as long as the earth's orbit—and wanted to shoot myself'. (A beautiful contrast of the neurotic's guilty loneliness and feeling of displeasure in company.) Continual thoughts of suicide can only exist if one harbours death wishes of a corresponding intensity against others. There is no doubt that S. K. not only wished unconsciously to murder his father for subjecting him to such a joyless childhood and narrow upbringing, but that he wished all his gay friends, all those who laughed at him and with him, should die. Schizophrenics have a great capacity for aggression, which sometimes rises up as a healthy solution of their masochism. S. K. felt that if there was such a thing as divine justice, the so-called *infallible law*, he would be punished by dying before the father. He thought that God would see through him and recognize that the intellectual interests and the beginning of a new theological activity were merely masks behind which the fantasy of the murderer hid. Through an early death he would expiate his criminal wishes, and the father would triumph over him. From existing as a distant metaphysical cloud, the great psychological crisis has now been given its actual material content, and one of the most important keys, giving entry to the inner Kierkegaardian room, has been found. Under the influence of the separation, the aggression against the personal father dissolved, and in January 1838 there was a reconciliation. Kierkegaard was now twenty-five and he chose as a motto for this period the reconciliation passage between Lear and Cordelia—'In a walled prison'—the father was, of course, Lear and S. K. was Cordelia. The masked homosexuality of this

reference shows that the original love for the father had begun again to assert itself. Until 9 August 1838 the relationship with the dying father went through its last brief flowering. Kierkegaard now inherited sufficient money to make him independent for the rest of his life and in July 1840, ten years after he entered the University, he finished his theological examination. His niece gives a description of S. K. during those two years after his father's death. 'Uncle Soeren continued to all appearances to lead the same life, met his friends in the café as usual, and walked about the streets with the same energy as before; but from 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening he would receive no visitors. During those hours he studied sedulously and in a very short time prepared for the examination upon which grandfather had set so much store'. In the psychological sphere the process termed by Freud *the return of the repressed* was taking place. The memory of the religious father gradually asserted itself until Kierkegaard felt sufficiently strong to undertake his life work, which represented the sublimation of the Œdipus conflict into philosophic-poetic-religious channels.

In this period, just before his engagement to Regine Olsen, an excellent drawing of S. K. by William Marsstrand, conjures up his image. There is the top-hat, under its brim shines forth the eager, slightly pathetic, and naïve gaze of the poodle, under the arm is held the badly rolled umbrella (his constant companion, never relinquished, in summer and in winter), symbol of the fantasy of potency, his torso is bent slightly back, withdrawn from reality and people, the eager, nervous, schizophrenic fingers clutch at the air with a spasmodic, stiff, jerky, catatonic gesture. It is interesting to compare this drawing with a pencil drawing by G. Schreiner of Hoelderlin at a similar period of life. There is the same strange, slightly fantastic, abrupt, distant and yet explosive effect. Physically there is also a tendency towards biological infantilism which, with both Kierkegaard and Hoelderlin, had its psychical counterpart in a endless, almost adolescent, concern with the question of spiritual purity. In September 1840, Kierkegaard became engaged to Regine Olsen; in October 1841 the relationship, in its formal aspect, had come to an end. However, after the outward break, the inner ties of the relationship manifested themselves. Regine Olsen and the father represented the two outstanding relationships in Kierkegaard's life:

'If I were asked how I was educated to be an author, my relation to God apart, I should answer: by an old man whom I thank most of all, and by a young girl to whom I owe most of all—and to that which must have existed as a possibility in my nature: a mixture of age and youth, of the severity of winter and the mildness of summer'. Both figures were always badly repressed, and in his later years, like risen full moons, glowed within, their lustre, the distant light of the unhappy Eros, burning him with the pleasure born of pain. To a certain extent they merged, in his unconscious, into one figure, the young girl and the old father. To Kierkegaard, Regine Olsen represented the building up of an ideal figure, the concept of a dialectical Imago, composed out of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, the realization in one human being of the Holy Trinity of the Œdipus constellation: the passivity, the warmth, and the loyalty of the mother; the sadism of the father; and the charm and gaiety of the sister, Petrea. Above all, Regine represented youth and life, uncomplicated and undarkened reality, and just because she represented these qualities which had formerly belonged to the sister, the incest prohibition had to intervene, and the feeling of psychic impotence at the thought of degrading the lofty sister image, dominated S. K., adding to his sense of guilt. Kierkegaard referred to Regine 'as the ruler of my heart, hidden in the deepest secrecy of my breast'. There was an element of erotic sadism, of aggressive independence,¹ of the dominating *animus* peeping through the light-heartedness of the young girl, a seductive mixture which fascinated the *anima* in Kierkegaard and reminded him of a facet of the father. Regine Olsen was the prototype of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler and Hilda Wangel, the woman as personification of the aristocratic, charming, and seductive Eros as opposed to the grey, cold, schizophrenic nineteenth-century bourgeois family. Regine was the *Mary* figure as opposed to the *Martha* of the mother.² The most important unconscious reason why S. K. did not marry Regine Olsen was the fear of rivalling the affection for the existing, imposing father Imago by attempting to replace him by a woman. This S. K. never dared to do, and eventually the father-God triumphed, the exceptional destiny conquered the realization of the universal, the instinctive

¹ Which showed itself in her later marriage to Fritz Schlegel.

² The reference is to the Velasquez picture *Christ in the House of Martha*.

renunciation prevailed, the position of individuality on the curve of history was fixed, and the way was clear for the Great Man to shine forth and achieve his ethical works. The day after his engagement, Kierkegaard wished to break it off. The shadow of the father became overwhelming, rendering him impotent. Psychologically he had taken over the father's power and intellectual vigour, but in the deepest reality, in the realm of sexuality, he remained a frightened, nervous youth, a trembling son, satisfied with the creation of a poetic myth, his instinctive life being completely without aim and direction. His libido sought to emerge out of the dark forest, wherein the tall, father trees rose up filling him with awe and reverence, but it was not strong enough. And in spite of all his later conscious reasoning, this was the fundamental explanation why Kierkegaard did not marry. The instinctive impulse in the diseased schizoid personality was not sufficiently strong. If one takes the cyclic irregularity in the sexual life of schizophrenics as a fact, then one sees that the reasons S.K. advanced for breaking his engagement, presupposing as they do the gradual dying out of passion, contain elements of deep truth. Kierkegaard understood that marriage, affording a biological release of tension, is the enemy of genius. He also understood that, in the words of Rainer Maria Rilke: 'There is an old hostility between a human life and a great task, may I comprehend it and may it murmur, help me'.

Kierkegaard recognized that the sexual solution of his life would become the enemy of 'the great task', for which he considered himself chosen, and which would then never be accomplished. It will seem paradoxical to say this, but given the fundamental concomitants of Kierkegaard's emotional life and recognizing the reality of the ever-growing identification with the father, the unconscious homosexuality, and the masochistic *anima*, one can come to the conclusion that S. K. lived as he wished to live, devoting himself to his work, and that therefore there was no real unhappiness. Concerning the end of his relationship to Regine, Dr. Lowrie speaks of 'the sublimation of Eros', but this is too facile a solution. Throughout the life of genius, there is a struggle of varying intensity, between instinct and repression. This is a dynamic concept, sublimation denotes a far too consistent and regular process. It is true that Kierkegaard's libido now went over into the realm of ideological

constructions, but he recognized that the erotic element continually intervenes. In *The Concept of Dread* he writes: 'That such an existence as genius, in spite of its brilliance, magnificence and importance, should be sin, it certainly requires courage to understand; and one can hardly understand it at all until one has learnt to moderate the hungry longings of the soul'. Sustained thought leads to sustained eroticism.

So far, the relationship has been analysed entirely from Kierkegaard's viewpoint; to preserve a sense of balance let us look at it from the viewpoint of Regine Olsen. Her position, a hundred years ago, entirely reproduced the modern woman's dilemma: the problem of finding a man capable of erecting a physical and psychical structure which she can call home. At the end of the nineteenth century Ibsen wrote, *The Doll's House*. Ibsen's Norah has come full circle. The problem of the modern woman, having left home, is to find the potent man (not the neurotic son), and the way back to the home. And this was also the problem of Regine Olsen in 1841.

In 1843, Kierkegaard, turning from love to work, wrote his masterpiece, *Fear and Trembling*. As with Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* it was a book of 'mountain air', not to be understood by the masses, a message direct from the father, Kierkegaard, to the chosen few, the sons who could understand. A quotation from Hamann, on the back of the title page, introduces this theme: *Was Tarquinius Superbus in seinem Garten mit den Mohnkoepfen sprach, verstand der Sohn, aber nicht der Bote*.¹ *Fear and Trembling* is the expression of the most extreme form of aggression against the parents, it is the Kierkegaardian Goetterdaemmerung which condemns the Father-God to death at the hands of the son.

The quotation from Luke (14, 26 in Problem II of the book), affords the key to the entire work: 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' 'This is a hard saying, who can bear to hear it?' Kierkegaard could bear it, out of the creative fountain of his hatred for humanity, and out of his death-instinct which compulsively sought to kill the father before he himself died.

¹ What Tarquinius Superbus spoke in his garden, when he struck off the tallest poppies with his cane, was understood by the son, but not by the messenger.

In the *Prelude*, repeated with variations four times, Abraham and Isaac, father and son, and yet each an Imago, journey to Mount Moriah, where the sacrifice was to be made. On the way, with infinite compassion, the old Imago and the young Imago converse: 'Then I think that Abraham has for an instant turned away from him, and when again he turned towards him he was unrecognizable to Isaac, his eyes were wild, his venerable locks had risen like the locks of furies above his head. He seized Isaac by the throat, he drew the knife, he said: 'Thou didst believe it was for God's sake I would do this, thou art mistaken, I am an idolater, this desire has again awakened in my soul, I want to murder thee, this is my desire. I am worse than any cannibal, despair thou foolish boy who didst imagine that I was thy father. I am thy murderer, and this is my desire.' This is the theme, which as a result of the obsessional compulsion is repeated four times. The inner meaning should be clear, the voice is speaking, almost shouting, out of the mountain mists, if only one can hear. Kierkegaard is Abraham and the father appears transfigured and degraded as a son. Kierkegaard had taken over the power of the terrible, punishing, Primæval Father, and in this condition found himself strong enough, at last, to commit the deed. 'I want to murder thee.' Behind the mask of literary art the hidden wish emerges into consciousness. 'He drew the knife'; in such a way Kierkegaard turned the masturbation prohibition of his childhood into the castration of the father. 'He drew the knife . . . I want to murder thee, this is my desire.' Perverted, degenerate love and death, murder and incestuous homosexuality merge as the mountain spring of the instinctive Eros gushes forth. 'My work is like freshly fallen snow.' Sophisticated experience and childlike innocence, perversion and purity form a dialectical lyric.

The subsidiary drama shows that the figure of Isaac (who was both the father and the young girl) contained the conception of the woman, Regine Olsen, as a man. The homosexual fantasy here wishes it to be understood that had Regine been a man Kierkegaard would have been potent. 'He drew the knife.' Repression would have been overcome. Kierkegaard has not been presented as an empty automaton, a social-physical robot, an object of natural, but not of psychological, science. He has been taken up by the roots, and out of perversions, degeneration, and

the potency of impotence, the refined thinker has been created. In his later work, Kierkegaard demonstrated that only those who retain all their suffering, dread of life, fear and despair, and a death-like introversion of Eros, and who, again and again, find their way to the distant loving God, can be called individuals. So arose the figure of the great man.

IV

Theoretically Kierkegaard found it difficult to accept the 'existential expression' of Christianity, the mediation of Christ, and the forgiveness of sins. He could scarcely tolerate the intervention of Christ between him and the Father. He wished to be the Christ figure so that he could be nearest to the Father-God, and take on his own shoulders a part of the burden of His suffering. In such a way, Kierkegaard dared to approach the unapproachable One, whom not even Christ could reach. Kierkegaard's conception of the distance of God led him to reject the semi-pantheistic doctrine of Hegelianism, of the near God, and of the identification of God and State. On a note ringing with the pure clarity of a bell Kierkegaard wrote about his fate: 'From my youth upward I have been stirred by the thought that in every generation there are two or three who are sacrificed to the rest, in that they discover with terrible anguish something by which the rest profit; and sorrowfully I have found that the key to my own being was that I was destined to be one of these.' In the same way that Freud gives a biological instinctive interpretation to the contents of the unconscious, as opposed to the metaphysical intellectual conception of Jung, so Kierkegaard's task was to rediscover and give back to Christianity its elemental dynamic values, love and dread of the Father as opposed to the intellectual Hegelian sophistication of the epoch. He sought to help the dying rococo world of empty façade-belief Christianity find the way back to its healthy primaeval source of admiration and fear of God. 'Luther had ninety-five theses; I should have only one, that Christianity does not exist.' The idea that a deeply introverted and depressed type is able to bring health and a new flow of life to bear upon external reality (and religion is a product of reality) seems to invoke a contradiction. However, it is precisely the schizoid personality, the man without surface feeling, and therefore

the man with tremendous volcanic depths, who can fully identify himself with the fantasy of giving feeling back to the weak nerves of a fading world. He understood that the prevailing Christianity was a reflection of the inner poverty of the spiritual centres. In so far that Kierkegaard unmasked Christianity he helped to destroy it. By applying the nuances of subjective psychology to religion, S. K. pushed Christianity to the point where it had nothing to do with the established Church system of the bourgeois State, and therefore lost contact with the masses who may be interested in the *System* but are never interested in *the thing in itself*. In this connection, Christoph Schrempf, the translator of the chief German edition of Kierkegaard, was justified in writing: 'He reduced Christianity *ad absurdum* and (against his will but quite conclusively) handed it over to the history of religion, which like all other history is nothing but archæology.' In the second part of *The Decline of The West*, Spengler refers to the subjective method as 'Kierkegaard's *playing* with religion'. Kierkegaard prepared the way for Friedrich Nietzsche who wished to destroy the soft, over-ripe, idealistic conception of Christ, and who put forward, as the task of the individual, the transvaluation of all existing values.

Freud termed Nietzsche 'the first psycho-analyst' (the contemporary aggression against Nietzsche is *au fond* a hatred of psycho-analysis). One should say 'Kierkegaard and Nietzsche were the first psycho-analysts'. Kierkegaard understood very well the dynamic rôle of the unconscious: 'The extraordinary way in which something long forgotten suddenly bursts into consciousness is really quite remarkable.' (*Journals*, entry 76.) 'Moreover the poor opinion in which dreams are held nowadays is also connected with the intellectualism, which really only values the conscious, while in simple ages people piously believed that the unconscious life in man was the more important as well as the profounder.' (*Journals* entry 1010). *The Police-Spy*: 'A demoniacal figure, who could just as well have been dissolute, even a murderer, but is actually in the service of justice (a childhood and youth full of failures has made him spiteful towards mankind)'. Here there is the recognition that the upholder of law and order is a sadist who only does good out of the fear of the intensity of his original badness. Kierkegaard illuminated the depths of the unconscious to such an extent that

one can speak of his æsthetic works as *the materialization of the metaphysical*.

The fundamental difference in the position of Nietzsche and Kierkegaard lay in the fact that Nietzsche, in Freud's words: 'projected a joyful, radiant Father-Imago into the future', whereas Kierkegaard still saw in the future the suffering and despairing Father-God. Kierkegaard projected not only the Father ('My task is: to make room that God may come') but also Christianity into the future, whereas Nietzsche understood that with the creation of a Dionysian, life-giving Imago the need for Christianity, founded on the sense of guilt, would die out. Both carried forward the great burden of their destiny on their own shoulders, following the pure, creative way into the mountain loneliness.

V

(*Journals* entry 113): 'At times I see myself encircled by a horrible mouthing figure—I would describe it as the compendium of a man—an epitome of feelings and concepts—a long, thin man which nature had as it were stopped at every turn—he should have long arms, but look, from shoulder to elbow he is immensely long and from elbow to hand so very short; the same is true of his fingers, of his face—and every speech begins with such a promise that, full of hope, one sets up a terrific standard; and/ see, it ends in nothing.'

This was the top-hatted figure, who not only during his walks in the streets of Copenhagen, but also in his own room, every now and then raised his umbrella to his lips and caressed it.

'What I require is a voice as piercing as a lynx's eye, as terrible as the sigh of a giant, as persistent as a note of nature, with a range extending from the deepest bass to the highest and most melting chest-tone, with a modulation capable of the lightest sacred whisper and the fire-spouting violence of madness. That is what I need in order to get my breath, to deliver myself of what lies in my mind, to thrill the bowels both of anger and of sympathy.' (Letter to Emil Boesen, 17 July 1838.) This picture represented the Imago, the Judge, wrought out of autistic silence and loneliness, growing up within Kierkegaard. The time was now ripe for S. K. to call *The Journals*, *The Book of the Judge*.

In the autumn of 1851, Kierkegaard continually met Regine

during his morning walks. Regine Olsen, the Anna Karenina figure tied to the father, followed the lonely man, nodded to him once or twice, allowing the drapery of her benediction and her youth to protect and to console the suffering, nineteenth century, *Zauberberg* wanderer. In each other's eyes they rested together. For the last time, the reawakened spirit rose up over the body of Kierkegaard, it rested for a moment in each lofty crevice, planted a small flower, until the whole man shone forth as a mountain in flower.

In the winter of 1854 the article against Martensen, his former teacher, *Was Bishop Mynster a witness to the truth?* was published. Then came in 1855 the last fearful schizoid outbreak, in which the existing oracles, symbols of the traditional father and the personal disappointment, were hurled to the ground and smashed. The nine numbers of *The Instant*, which appeared, contained the sharpest possible attack on the established Christianity of the bourgeois state, with its national, chauvinistic provincialism, and its doctrine of adapting Protestantism to meet the needs of the mediocrity and the masses. Kierkegaard understood that the Church system of Christianity for the multitude meant the death of Christianity. He strove during the last year of his life to bring forward the concept of the individual, the disciple, the saint and the martyr as the highest aim of religion.

Kierkegaard's capital, which alone made possible the special conditions of comfort he required for his writing, was exhausted. All his libido had been spent. On 2 October, Kierkegaard collapsed in the street, and on 11 November 1855 he died in the Frederiks Hospital.

One evening, shortly before his death, while sitting on the sofa with a few friends, he had fallen to the floor. When they tried to help him up, he murmured: 'Oh, leave—it—till—the housemaid—clears it away—in the morning.' All feeling had come to an end. As the setting sun of death touched him, Kierkegaard shone forth with the power of the Primæval Father, a rock of bronze, a nineteenth-century *Hermanns Denkmal*, assaulting the heavens with his sword, amidst the endless pine trees of the Teutoburg mountains. For the last time the schizophrenic Imago came near to nature, and heard the sap running down the trees. Not only with the harsh and terrible radiance of the Father-God, but in part touched with the soft contours of

youth, the monumental figure rose aloft. Kierkegaard gave historical reality to that special union of psychological Imago and youth which constitutes genius. The tendrils of his spirit, reaching upwards, became wrapt in the skyleaf of the clouds. In the infinite pathos of death, the pure and sublime spirit experienced the full potency of his never-realized manhood.

‘Everything that arises deserves to be destroyed’, or rather to be brought down to earth and taken back in the sense of Grabbe’s: ‘Yes, out of the world we shall not fall, we are in it once and for all time’.

A single curl of love, a burning snowflake, the image of Regine Olsen, drifts past the evening skies and the full summer trees, coming to rest upon and covering the man, crucified to the ever calling, the ever open-armed mother, who heaves for him in death as she heaved for him in birth. The mother takes back the risen man, limb by limb, she enacts the scene of regression, until the large crucifix fades into the primitive totem-pole, the small impersonal phallus, and melts into the earth. The man has become a part of the streaming undercurrent, a part of the aggression of the mother’s towards life, a part of the feminine Eros, slowly moving through the earth, feeding the lilies of the field. Arising out of the depths, onto the lips of the Imago, in the last vision, come forth the Rilke words: ‘You must change your life’.

VI

Goethe has written: ‘We all live on the past and the past is our ruin’. An analysis of Kierkegaard is only of value if it yields perspectives for our own time, which only knows the Kierkegaard *manqué*, the schizoid type whose creative powers have been analysed out, leaving only aggression—but an unrationed quantity of that. In spite of his neurosis, Kierkegaard, in his own epoch, captured a part of the Primæval Father. Our contemporaries, throughout their intellectual lives, remain sons—and often very small ones. The recognition of the reality of the Œdipus Complex has resulted in the eclipse of the Father type. Nowadays one only knows the father who is not a father. Backward masses, aspiring towards consciousness, have liquidated the intellectual and sexual rôle of the father, and left a universal feeling of emptiness and uncertainty. Such is the tragedy of

analysis. Beginning with the desire to release the personality, rich in affect-life, it now has to deal with an empty shell in which there is nothing left to analyse. The tasks of our time imperatively demand the appearance of individuals who have overcome the historic ambivalence towards the father, and have built in to their personalities the physical and psychical potency of the benevolent, creative Father-Imago. The danger today is that the horde of homosexual, narcissistic brothers will create a Fascist Imago which will exclude the woman. Kierkegaard understood this danger, the relationship to Regine Olsen represented an unsuccessful attempt to include the woman as mother and lover; however his own delicate nearness to the rôle of the brother prevented him from achieving the creation of a profound and human Figure, containing the outlines of the Father and Mother Imago.

Ego and Super-Ego, desire and guilt, must also become unified so that the resulting release of energy, from a solution of the conflict, would stream through and refresh the tired bodies and barren spiritual centres.

We must seek to reach beyond the pleasure principle, to come through to social and psychological reality, yet always preserving the lovely, naïve freshness and pure lyricism of a Kierkegaard.

The tremendous step forward needed, which Kierkegaard in his own way, in spite of the limitations of his constitution and his epoch, began to take, is the merging of the Instincts of life and destruction, the union of Eros and Death-Instinct.

The consequent overcoming of the instinctive cause of neurosis, and the liquidation of human relationships founded on auto-erotic fantasies, could result in the release of real libido for creation.

At the end, Emil Boesen, the only friend near to him, asked Kierkegaard if he could pray. 'Yes, I can; I pray first for the forgiveness of my sins, that everything may be forgiven me; and then I pray that I may be freed from despair in death.' But the despair in death grew. Kierkegaard recognized that the oncoming waves of death only splash into the inner personality when it is already ripe for destruction, when the very fact of dying shows that one has been seized by despair, and that this despair is the enemy of the life work and drowns it mercilessly.

Here the Kierkegaardian vision links up with the great task

of the twentieth century; the need to recognize that life is more important than death, but that this life-impulse should joyfully contain the fear and trembling, the dread and despair, the sickness, the ice-cold peaks of death, and still emerge, in spite of the inclusion of its antithesis, as a profounder and warmer stream, transcending itself, and going, with a light dancer's heart, beyond the need for psycho-analysis, beyond the need of looking backwards and laying oneself open to the danger of becoming a pillar of salt, into a new and deeper and healing experiencing of reality.

In spite of his inner tiredness and the quietism of the body, Kierkegaard struggled against this death, which he recognized as the triumph of neurosis, but he came too early to succeed; in loneliness, arm over arm, hand over hand, finger over finger caught and came through the golden gleams from the distance, as he swam against the tide.

It was still necessary for the poor, emaciated, thin schizoid to step forward and take on his narrow shoulders the guilt and necrosis of the world. Kierkegaard had still to be crucified. Perhaps we can go beyond crucifixion.

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GLOSSARY

AFFECT—pertaining to emotional feeling.

AMBIVALENT—possessing love and hate for the same object.

ANALYTIC SCOTOMA—obscuration of part of the field of mental vision, leading to non-recognition of the cause of one's neurosis; hence forming part of the Will to illness.

ANIMA—the female principle in the man (Jung).

ANIMUS—the male principle in the woman (Jung).

AUTISTIC—living inside oneself. Omission of all external relationships.

AUTO-EROTISM—continual watching of the effect one's external person has on others.

CATATONIC—special form of schizophrenia. Spell-bound, with rigidity of body and mind.

EGO—chief focus of experience and personal self-awareness.

EROS—the life-instinct which binds humanity together.

IMAGO—father or mother figure raised to the status of an impersonal, ideal example.

INSTINCT—the inherited component of affectivity which adheres to certain vital aims.
 LIBIDO—appreciation of life based on wide erotic contentment, at the same time sublimating the original sexual excitement.

PERSONA—the mask one assumes in one's relation to the world (Jung).

PERSONALITY—the rich, positive, interior structure which emerges as the persona, the façade, fades out.

PYKNIC—extroverted, emotionally well-balanced type.

SCHIZOID—a type of temperament distinguished by excitability and dullness. Simultaneously both oversensitive and cold.

SCHIZOPHRENIA—a disease consisting mainly of a splitting of personality.

SCHIZOTHYMIC—constitution concept of a general character, including both healthy and diseased.

SUPER-EGO—the self-criticizing part of the mind.

TRAUMA—injury, bodily or mental.

ZAUBERBERG—reference to the type created in Thomas Mann's novel *The Magic Mountain*.

STEPHEN SPENDER

HOELDERLIN, GOETHE AND GERMANY

RE-EDUCATING a nation is probably an impossible task. But if there is to be any re-education of Germany it must be through the medium of the greatest German teachers. Some of these are Beethoven, Mozart, Goethe, Heine, Schiller and Hoelderlin.

Through their own German language and music, the Germans may perhaps be taught how far they have strayed from their deepest national tradition. Fascism has failed partly because it is not traditionally national. It is based not on patriotism but on the principles of gangster trusts exporting commodities by unscrupulous methods and driving rivals out of business with machine guns. This spirit is bound to destroy the nationhood of any people it seizes on. We can be fairly certain that the first lesson that the young Germans can be taught will be their own literature.

What is dangerous is the idea that the English can re-educate the Germans, without themselves knowing anything of German literature. Nothing would be more fatal than to go to Germany and talk about democracy, internationalism, the Beveridge Report, the working class, and the advantages of being a gentleman.

The neglect of German literature by the younger English

writers is striking. We have, in our modern literature, a few good German scholars, notably, Edwin Muir, J. B. Leishmann, Edward and Victoria Sackville-West, and C. M. Bowra, who have succeeded in drawing attention to several German names. But the literary movement labelled for convenience 'Bloomsbury', which dominated the 'twenties, was entirely under French influence. As for the 'thirties, although Auden and Isherwood were fascinated by Berlin, their interest did not extend very far beyond the immediate and contemporary aspects of Germany.

The view of German literature of the younger English writers seems to extend to the following German names, with the following rough labels: Hoelderlin, who was an apocalyptic and mad, and is therefore greatly to be respected; Rilke, who corresponds roughly to T. S. Eliot, and whose *Duino Elegies* are taken to resemble the *Burnt Norton* and *East Coker* series of poems; Kafka, also apocalyptic and mad and consumptive and mystical (but was he a German? And was Rilke, for that matter?). Apart from this, Schiller is a bore, whom no one reads. Heine is sentimental (du bist wie eine Blume: offensive to D. H. Lawrence). Goethe was a Bourgeois, the epitome of a poet who accepts a job in the Ministry. Goethe has several bad marks against him, two of the worst of which are: (1) He was rude to Hoelderlin. (2) T. S. Eliot has rebuked him, in what the obscure Cambridge critic, Dr. F. R. Leavis, has called 'one of Mr. Eliot's "potent" critical asides'. The aside that called Goethe's bluff would hardly be worth mentioning, were it not discussed at considerable length by Mr. Michael Hamburger in his excellent (though villainously misprinted) new edition of *Poems of Hoelderlin* (Poetry, London, 6s.). This is what Eliot wrote (in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, which is perhaps the least careful of his books): 'Of Goethe perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either; his true rôle was that of the man of the world and sage, a La Rochefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues'. Perhaps, indeed!

T. S. Eliot's 'potent aside' is on this occasion only important as a symptom of the general atmosphere of German studies in English literary circles. The best reply would be for an English publisher to commission six English poets, some of whom might well be E. Sackville-West, Edwin Muir, J. B. Leishmann, Robert

Nichols, and myself, to produce a complete translation of both parts of *Faust*.

Meanwhile, until Goethe is rediscovered, Michael Hamburger has performed a valuable service to the memory of Hoelderlin on the occasion of the centenary of his death. His translations and his long introductory essay, leave the reader in no doubt that Hoelderlin was more than apocalyptic-mad. Those readers who can also obtain the small selection called *Some Poems of Friedrich Hoelderlin*, translated by Frederic Prokosch and published in the American Poets of the Month edition, will glimpse a side of Hoelderlin neglected by Hamburger, in Prokosch's beautiful version of the early poem, much under the influence of Schiller, *An die Natur*.

The story of Hoelderlin is infinitely touching and very tempting to the biographer anxious to show that if he (or she) had been there to understand the misunderstood genius, everything would have been different. However, Mr. Hamburger is fairly detached. A careful reader of his introduction may discern that Hoelderlin's achievement, and his madness, arose from the strain of attempting to embrace an ideal vision of the past as well as the reality of the present, not from a sheer revulsion from the present. Unlike Van Gogh, Blake, D. H. Lawrence, he did not feel an instinctive hatred of the contemporary world. There was no real meeting point between Van Gogh and his contemporaries. Nor was there between Blake and Reynolds. But Hoelderlin was the friend of Hegel, the disciple of Schiller; he was prepared to admire Goethe, and his ambition was a chair at Jena University: for, like Goethe, he 'dabbled in philosophy'. He did not accept isolation willingly. He wished to reconcile his ideal vision of Greece, his ideal love of Diotima, the wife of his employer, with a position in which he could exercise the same kind of influence over a cultured public as did Goethe and Schiller.

Hoelderlin's obsession with Greece was by no means peculiar to him. It was a pre-occupation which had a great and sometimes unhealthy hold over the intellectual life of Germany, under the influence of Winckelmann. The background to this is explained very well in E. M. Butler's fascinating book *The Tyranny of Greece over Germany*.

However, there is another element in Hoelderlin which did not pre-occupy Goethe and Schiller; although, indeed, it is present

in *Faust*. This was German protestantism. Hoelderlin was the son of a protestant clergyman. His father died when he was two years old. The mother was determined that Friedrich should also be a pastor. Hoelderlin's later poetry, written when he was on the verge of madness, expresses the most painful, brain-splitting attempts to reconcile the Greek gods with Christ. The attempt is to separate Christ from the Church and make him the descendant of the Greek gods. *Patmos* is a poem—or rather notes for a poem—expressing disorder at its most extreme point, where it appears almost as a reconciliation of violent opposites. It is a poem of flashing and thundering genius; and, at the same time, it is piteous, tender, touching to the point of tears. It opens with a magnificent passage, reminiscent of a great Fugue of Bach:

Nah ist

Und schwer zu fassen der Gott.

Wo aber Gefahr ist, waechst

Das Rettende auch.

It is only as one reads on that one becomes aware of something that moves one even more than these fiery signs and images of Revelation: that something, is a heart-breaking lament, a fountain of tears, perceptible in the broken movement, the disconnectedness, the desperate and sobbing leaps from pinnacle to pinnacle, of a mind blinded partly with belief, partly with despair.

If Hoelderlin can be compared with any English poet, it is Shelley. The comparison is valuable more for its differences than on account of any deep resemblance. Like Shelley, he had a conception of the prophetic social rôle of the poet which was, in the very last analysis, an aristocratic sense of vocation. However, unlike Shelley, he was not born into the aristocracy, nor did he, like Goethe and Schiller, reach an exalted social position in which his contemporaries took him seriously as a teacher. Like Shelley, only to a more vivid and rarefied degree, Hoelderlin was the poet of ethereal qualities. He was also, like Shelley, capable of warm, sunlit touches of surprising natural observation which add a tender humanity to his rather abstract habit of thought. Hoelderlin is much more profound than Shelley in one respect: he realizes that for the poet the revolution in society begins with the word and ends with the word, and has nothing to do with political programmes. The poet gives to society an ideal vision of life. He plants the seed in the soil. Whether the

political gardeners treat the soil so that the seed grows, is not really his concern. He cannot adapt his poetry to the task of persuading them as to the means they should use, any more than he can suit what he says to the demands of the German public in 1800, or for that matter the Jazz-and-Air-Raid-Culture Public of 1943. (A gramophone record is now on sale of the Air Raid on Essen.)

I draw attention here to the poems *Hyperions Schicksaalslied* and the opening of the great elegy *Brot und Wein*, to illustrate Hoelderlin's ethereal quality and his beautiful natural observation.

Hoelderlin must be thought of not as a Blake, a Clare, a Van Gogh, but as a poet with the vocation of Goethe and Schiller. The real poignancy of his relationship with his two great predecessors lies in this. It is heart-rending that Schiller should have written in a letter to Goethe of 'these Schmidts, these Richters, these Hoelderlins'. All the same what he goes on to say has several points. He criticizes 'them' for being 'so subjective, so extravagant, so one-sided, whether it is because of something primitive, or whether only the lack of æsthetic nourishment and influence, and the opposition of the empirical world in which they live and their idealistic inclinations have produced this unhappy result'.

These criticisms reveal the price which Schiller and Goethe themselves had paid to free themselves of subjectivity. Instead of being able to accept the Catholic tradition, in protestant Germany, they had made the tremendous journey to classical Greece, and managed to use Greek mythology as a basis for the myth of a contemporary poetry. The short passage from Hoelderlin which Mr. Hamburger compares with a passage from Swinburne shows what a remarkable achievement this is. Hoelderlin's classical world is really created and convincing, Swinburne's is literary, heady, intoxicated.

Faust is perhaps the most original poem in modern European literature. The real reason why T. S. Eliot dislikes it is, I suspect, just because of this. It challenges his own position as a critic, which is that European poetry must derive from the Christian tradition. Nor is *Faust* pagan. If one could sum up the position of Goethe in a word, it is: *light*. The strength of *Faust* does not lie in its relating human lives to a system of rewards and punishments, a hierarchy of high and low, but in relating them to the

furthest and widest possible consciousness of the visions which men have held. The further we go back in the past the vaster, the more luminous do these visions appear, and the more illumination do they throw on each other. The classical Walpurgisnacht in the Second part of *Faust* is like the discovery of a new planet, a world inhabited by timeless beings, who move continually within an orbit of fate, a world where joy and suffering exist side by side on equal terms, and where ripeness is all. Helen's beauty is not marred by her marriage to a monster. The blinding lights, and the equally blinding darkness of this planet, its static vastness, its lack of progress, its lack of rewards and punishments, its completeness, horrify Mephistopheles, whose stock-in-trade is guilt, progress and retrogression.

Goethe's view of the classical world may be an invention. It is original in a sense in which orthodox Christianity cannot be original, without ceasing to be orthodox. However, the point really is not whether we are right or wrong about the past, but whether we attempt to relate our own lives and our own judgments to a small part of the past, the Christian tradition, or to a mental picture of the past in which Christianity plays a comparatively small part.

A new attitude towards time, and a new attitude towards the psychology of the individual seem to be developing, which would lead to the conclusion that we must regard our minds as products of the whole past history of the human race, rather than simply of the tradition into which we were born. Curiously enough, T. S. Eliot's recent poems are partly devoted to stating a time-philosophy, which if it were true, would make Christianity appear a far from final doctrine. Eliot emphasizes in these poems the idea that past, present and future are co-existent. Time seems to be regarded as a landscape in which today, tomorrow and yesterday are all present at the same moment, and the remote past, although like a distant mountain on the horizon, is present in a real and palpable sense. All we are limited by is the narrow nature of our time-vision, which the poet endeavours to break down. If all times are co-existent, then Christianity would only fill a very small portion of such a time-space landscape, and our philosophy of life would have to make room for other religions and philosophies which would also co-exist. It seems then, that instead of seeing life as a series of injunctions,

threats and warnings, we might see it as a point illuminated on all sides by an immense consciousness of past experience. James Joyce, who was born into a Catholic tradition, seems to have realized this; the sense of the past, which in Eliot does not seem to extend far beyond the Middle Ages, extends in Joyce to pre-history; and even though it may be a failure, I feel that *Finnegans Wake* is a huge shadowy sketch of the outline required for a modern masterpiece. The task of producing a masterpiece today requires even greater powers of assimilation and imagination than in Goethe's day. But Goethe did place his great masterpiece in the light of all the knowledge of the past and present accessible to him. This included a lifetime of experience. We must judge these works not by their historic accuracy but by the grandeur of their imaginative conception.

Goethe does not escape into the classical world: he travels there in search of light. Hoelderlin's journey is certainly of a different kind. He travels there to make the discovery that the Greeks once lived, and that modern man is a poor shadowy ghost who has lost contact with the gods. Hoelderlin's relation to the Greek gods is parallel with that of D. H. Lawrence with his dark gods. We feel that in each case the poet has made a genuine but fatal discovery. The luminous gods and the dark gods do correspond to some kind of reality which has passed from the world. Absorption in them cannot re-create them. It merely fills the poet with bitter disappointment. Goethe protected himself from the form of possession by the past which he found in Hoelderlin, just as he protected himself from hearing Beethoven's music, which also profoundly disturbed him.

Reading the story of Goethe, Schiller and Hoelderlin, one's deepest regret is that Goethe and Schiller were not somehow able to give Hoelderlin the position in the world which might have enabled him to reconcile the opposite forces struggling in his nature. Without that firm foothold, that social niche, he was bound sooner or later to fall the victim of either Greece or protestantism—if not of both. They doubtless had their own reasons, their own forebodings for treating him as they did, and it is only sentimental for us to say that they were wrong. In any case, we are unwilling to admit that a poet's development depends as much on the recognition he gets as on his own inner development. Poets do not write on desert islands; and what

they write in garrets and madhouses is different from what they write for the Court at Versailles, or in the Garden House at Weimar. Hoelderlin was, with all his spiritual strength, and his idealism, one of those who needed a pedestal. He wrote to his sister: 'Do you know the root of all my unhappiness? I want to live for the art to which my heart is attached, and I have to do drudgery among men, so that I often become thoroughly tired of life. . . . We do not live in the poets' climate. That is why among ten such plants scarcely one can thrive.'

SELECTED NOTICES

Brazil Builds. By Philip L. Goodwin. Photographs by G. E. Kidder Smith. Published by The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1943.

THE modern movement in architecture, which spread so rapidly in many countries during the inter-war period, has, in Europe at least, suffered a break in its development. But its admirers need not go into mourning. To do so would be to ignore the history of the movement and to overlook the depths of its roots in social, economic, and technical processes. The modern movement in architecture is, in its broadest sense, nothing less than the attempt to form the environment and material shelter for the new developments and needs of our changing civilization. Any estimate of its advance, therefore, requires something less superficial than a study of the success or failure of formal or technical achievements, and it is also true, for the same reason, that the enforced disappearance of formal experiment—as in England during the war period—does not necessarily signify that fundamental developments have ceased.

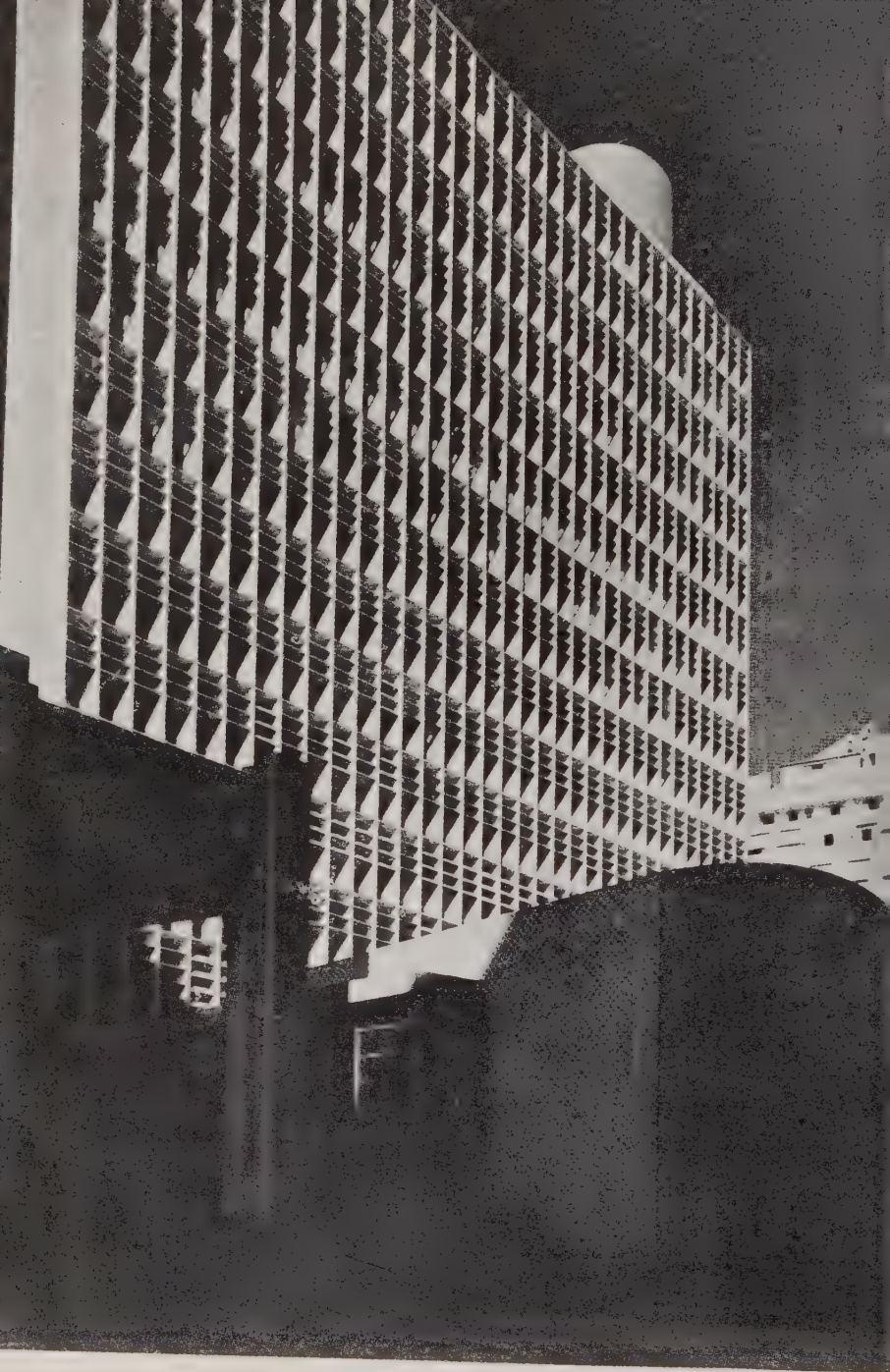
In this country some years of formal and technical development in architecture were, of course, brought to a close, as was all peacetime building, by the advent of the war. Under pressure of war conditions development has been forced into new channels. For the first time in the history of building in this country, programmes and material resources have been surveyed on a national basis. The scarcity of building materials and man-power has led to a rationalization of their use. In short, building has been forced back to first principles.

Now it is precisely along such lines that modern architects have always tried to press forward development, and it is not merely fortuitous that one of the most successful groups of wartime hostels in this country is one on which a number of architects associated with the modern movement before the war, have worked. Of necessity the war has brought limitations, lack of scope, austerity and a general depression of standards, but it has also brought what might well be a firmer basis from which the new architecture can develop. Side by side with this there is the growth of a more systematic approach to town planning based on a careful estimate or diagnosis, as it is sometimes



Nossa Senhora do Carmo, 1766
Ouro Preto

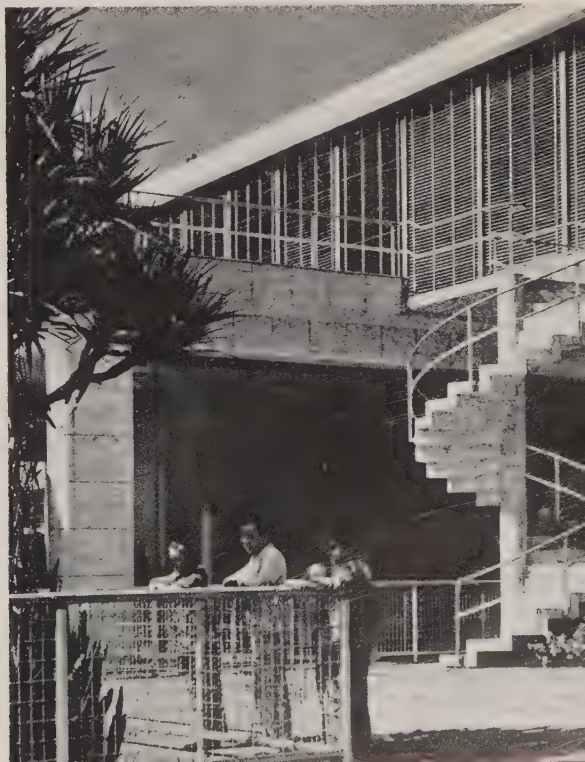
photographs taken by G. E. Kidder Smith for Brazil Builds, published by The Museum of Modern Art, New York



Ministry of Education and Health
Rio de Janeiro, 1942



Cavalcanti
House
Rio de Janeiro
1940



Seaplane Station
Rio de Janeiro
1940

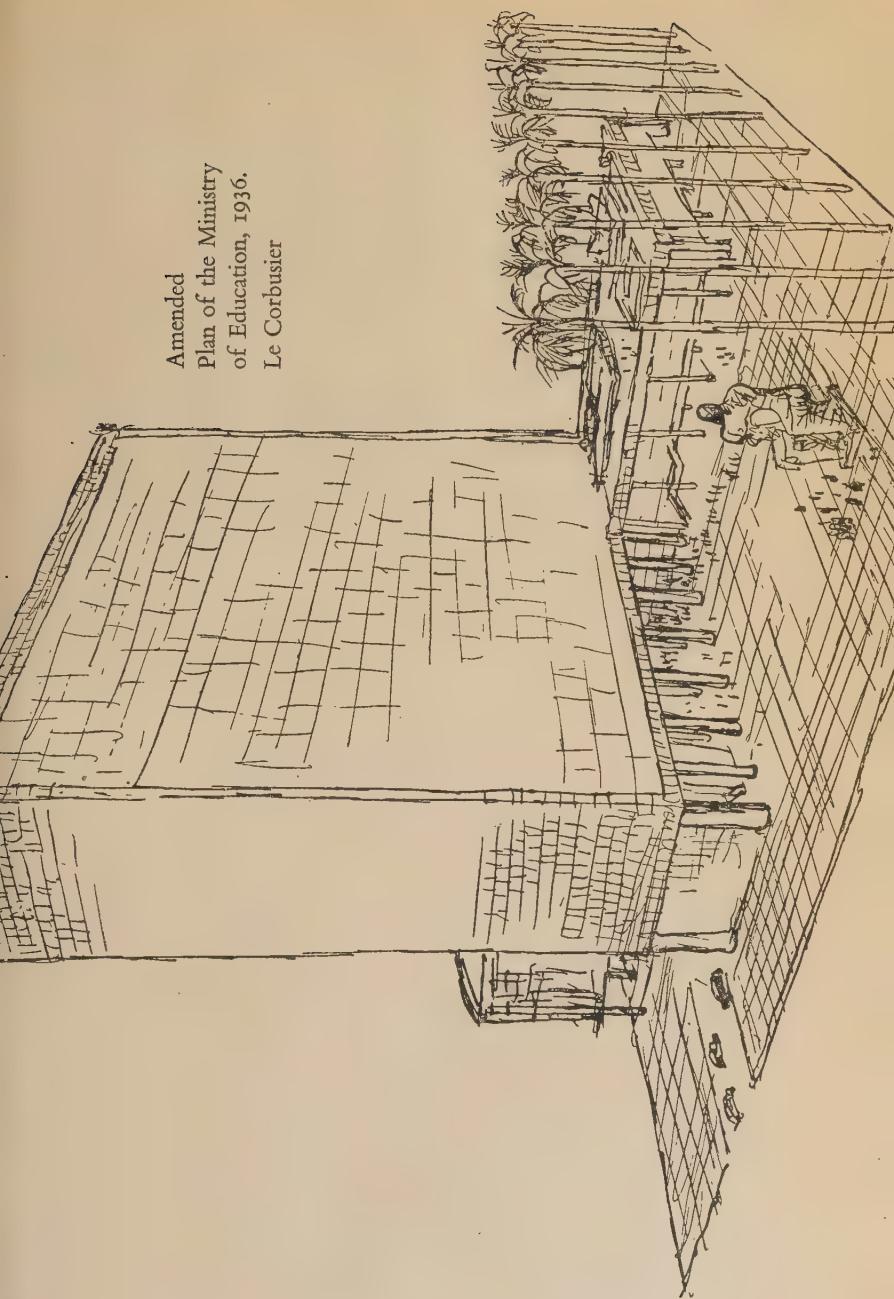


Arnstein House, São Paulo, 1941

Casino, Pampulha,



Amended
Plan of the Ministry
of Education, 1936.
Le Corbusier



called, of the breakdown of our existing towns. Perhaps even more important than this is the growing acceptance on the part of the general public of the possibilities of planning. For it is to the credit of such schemes as the L.C.C. plan and the London Regional plan, that the problem is nowhere confined to the mere rebuilding of bomb-damaged areas, but extends into far larger issues of planning reorganization: in no way is there a sharper contrast between the pre-war and present situation than in the fact that the necessity for this fundamental reorganization seems to be generally supported by the public. That social demand will certainly create the scope: the wartime building experience will provide the groundwork for a new and more integrated architecture.

For such developments we must wait: meanwhile we are sometimes apt to forget that other countries have continued to build and to press forward the experimental work which was in this country brought to a standstill by the war. It is to these countries that we must turn for the more stimulating advances and further evolution of modern work. An outline of the work in one such country is given in the recent Museum of Modern Art publication, *Brazil Builds*. Throughout Brazil during the last few years a remarkable building boom has taken place which has resulted in the rapid transformation of the larger towns. In 1940 the speed at which São Paulo or Rio de Janeiro were being rebuilt and enlarged outpaced even the growth of Detroit or Houston. The case of Rio is of special interest: like Manhattan, Rio's area of building land is limited, in this case, by the sea on one side and on the other, by mountains. The winding strip of land available is again split up into segments by the radiating mountain ranges running to the sea which sectionalize the town and make inter-communication difficult. This restriction of building land has forced development upwards. Like mushrooms, fifty tall skyscrapers were rising in Rio in 1940, overshadowing the streets and displacing the squares. To make the city, we are told, hills were being moved to form gardens and airports, tunnels cut and avenues widened.

What we are not told is whether there is any basic plan; whether the rapid reconstruction of the town is part of the world-wide urge to reorganize, for human ends, cities that bombs have never touched or whether it arises from the rush to invest in real estate which, as Mumford has pointed out, has in America frustrated the further rebuilding and reconditioning of many urban areas. How fundamental is it all from the point of view of more rational transport, better housing and more spacious living for human beings? The fifty tall skyscrapers equipped with the best lifts and bathrooms from the U.S.A. are not convincing. Along the beaches the lofty hotels and apartment houses line the curves of surf like packing cases washed up by the tide.

One cannot avoid recalling, if only for the purposes of extreme contrast, the sketches for the development of Rio made by Le Corbusier during his visit in 1929, with its continuous six-kilometre building strip supported on high piles so that it passes over the roof tops of the existing buildings; above its fifteen storeys of new floor space (of artificial site) is the main traffic artery. Seen from the sea, le Corbusier's horizontal town threads the fantastic landscape of abrupt and leaning mountains, coping in its linear course with the problems of density, shelter and circulation.

While le Corbusier's 1929 scheme is not so much a plan as an imaginative idea, his later work in 1936 produced in collaboration with Brazilian Architects, carries out in some detail proposals for the remodelling of one section of the town to form the new University City. It is hardly likely that the broad ideas of this planning conception of well spaced buildings and well treed parks (which was, after all, carried out under government auspices and by architects at present carrying out important buildings projects) will fail to influence in some manner at least the future development of Brazilian towns. The interior of the country is already being opened up by the creation of new roads to extend communications which have up to date been inadequate. Already there are new towns like Belo Horizonte and Goiânia which have been virtually built from scratch within the last few years, and it is with such developments in mind that we can look forward with considerable interest to future work.

Already much important work has undoubtedly been done. In Rio, as indeed throughout Brazil, housing and slum clearance schemes have been extensive and a start has been made to remove the mud-walled huts which harbour the carrier of the prevalent *chagas* disease. Recreation centres, schools, hospitals and new government offices have been built and it is amongst these buildings in isolated experiments rather than in general large-scale planning that the spirit of the modern movement has been mainly effective so far. But within these limits the contribution of Brazil has been outstanding, both in quantity and quality.

There can perhaps be no better example of the calibre of modern building in Brazil than the new headquarters for the Ministry of Health and Education at Rio. Its designers are a group of Brazilian Architects working with le Corbusier as consultant. The original scheme, under pressure from le Corbusier, was worked out for a more spacious site overlooking the bay. The present scheme on its restricted urban site, still manages to bring into the town a certain spaciousness. In contrast to the usual development of the building plot in which the buildings extend around the perimeter, facing the streets and surrounding a central area, the main backbone of this great building runs in a single block across the centre of the site leaving free areas of site on the street frontages. The effect of space in the street is again increased by raising the building on piers so that from certain points an unrestricted view across the entire site can be obtained. The main block itself consists of fourteen floors of offices; its end walls are solid and its long north and south façades entirely glazed between the gridiron system of framing. On the north façade, which is in Brazil mainly exposed to the sun, is the principal feature of the building—the elaborate sun blind system. The development of the control of the sun's heat is indeed the outstanding contribution of Brazilian architecture to the development of modern work and while the inhabitants of offices in America still grill behind hot glass, the Brazilians with an even more difficult climate appear to have solved effectively the problem of the control of sunlight and glare. The solution has been applied in various ways in recent building, but it usually takes the form of fixed or movable louvres placed either vertically or horizontally in front of the window glass and thus preventing the glass itself from overheating. In the Ministry of Education building where this

external sun-blind system has been most effectively integrated, the glass on the north façade is set back inside a honeycomb of thin concrete divisions. Within each of the cells which have been created by this framing, three movable asbestos louvres are fixed and can be operated from the inside of the building and adjusted to control sunlight and glare. As the sun changes its altitude, the blue painted planes are moved to various angles and give a constant variety of interest to the face of the main block of the building. Above the main block itself are set the clearly defined and curving forms of the roof buildings picked out sharply by their blue vitreous tile facing.

Apart from this, the most distinguished modern building in Brazil and one which would rank high in any country in the world, there are other modern buildings which are excellent examples of their kind. There are, for instance, the seaplane base at Rio, the main hangar of the Santos Dumont Airport and the laboratories at Recife and Niteroi which deserve special mention. But for the modern architect, the buildings by Oscar Niemeyer, at Belo Horizonte, are perhaps the most interesting.

On the outskirts of the new town of Belo Horizonte is the recreation centre at Pampulha with its lake, casino, club and restaurant, and a new theatre for 3,000 people. The new casino stands on a small hill rising from an artificial lake. Within this glass cage, through which the landscape and the sky beyond can be seen, is a large open room with a system of ramps leading to restaurant and dance floor. Nearby is the circular island restaurant with its flat roof extended into a curving strip of garden shelter organically related to the layout of the garden. The yacht club provides the third remarkable building in this group.

It is by buildings such as these, and the Ministry of Education Block, that the contribution of Brazilian architecture to the development of modern work can best be gauged and it is worth for a moment considering this aspect. As a starting point it is quite clear that the buildings at Pampulha are in line more than anything else with le Corbusier's imaginative conceptions. Their original development from this starting point for one thing rests in the vigorous simplicity of the crude concrete building (other structural materials such as timber are very seldom used) and the freedom of its general shapes. Secondly, it is apparent that the method and scope of colour work breaks new ground; in particular there is in this modern work a continuation of the traditional use of colour and patterned tiles, which are used partly for their decorative value and partly as additional emphasis for the formal structural shapes. But more than anything else the study of building in relation to the very characteristic landscape is of interest. The conservative tradition of the public parks is, in the modern work, giving place to free and easy layout which utilizes the immense and native supply of flowering shrubs massed together with great effect.

The attempt to isolate this special contribution of the Brazilian architects is not without point to those interested in the general study of art history. The first section of this book of Brazilian building contains a magnificent photographic record, by Mr. Kidder Smith, of some of the more notable traditional buildings which in itself would have justified a book. The inclusion of this work within the same covers as the modern work described is, in my

opinion, especially appropriate as it is not only the fact that both occur in Brazil which they have in common. The sense of scale and vigorous modelling of the one, constantly brings to mind the other: in the use of both colour and materials such as tiles, and even in the ever present problem of the sun screen, the modern work develops the traditional forms on a new plane. In this sense the title is apt, for it is Brazil itself—sun, landscape, earth and flower—that builds.

To architects in England, starved as they are of illustrations of imaginative work, the appearance of this book will act as a stimulus. It shows the breadth of achievement that can be made within the leap of a few years by a group of men who cannot be many in number. It also brings back the emphasis for the post-war period to the imaginative and creative handling of architectural problems without which the hard-won groundwork of our own war period is as good as dead.

J. L. MARTIN

AUDEN AFTERMATH

New Road 1943. Edited by Alex Comfort and John Bayliss. (G.W.P. 8s. 6d.)

THE publication of *New Road* 1943 provides a welcome opportunity for speaking one's mind concerning the so-called developments taking place in the work of young *avant-garde* writers in England. During the last five years we have been treated to numerous anthologies of their work and with this latest effort, the time has arrived for a summing-up of their achievement in terms of the material available, and for a speculation as to their future development. *New Road* is a variation on the same anthological theme running through such culturally related volumes as *The New Apocalypse*, *The White Horsemen*, *Lyra*, *Poems of this War*, etc., and its critic will find that he already has a background of referential material of surprising width. The knowledge that the group responsible for the above-mentioned volumes have published under the imprint of the most reputable English firms, and the generous support they are accorded in many of the journals and reviews in which the literary consciousness of the nation is supposed to reside, will no doubt give *New Road* an influence over a large section of our young intelligentsia somewhat analogous to that of a Papal encyclical, and it is in the belief that a clarification of attitude to the New Apocalypics, the Surrealists, the Neo-Romantics, the Oxford Poets, the Neo-Symbolists, etc., is immediately necessary that this review is offered, the 'solemnity' of the occasion being the excuse for its pompousness. Its function as a peep-hole through which to view the activity of a rising literary generation entitles *New Road* to serious attention. It has the merit of being representative; indeed its title and format suggest that the volume should be regarded as a gesture, a claim on the part of its contributors for consideration as the future recipients of English literary tradition, and the aggregate of their work may be regarded as their credentials on which the critic is at liberty to base his opinion of their eligibility. Its publication is an event of some cultural importance involving questions of extra-literary interest, if it is seen, as the present writer can only see it, as a specimen of what Mr. Louis Macneice might call 'the excess sugar of a diabetic culture rotting the nerve of life and

literature.' With the greatest goodwill in the world towards a generation faced with such a complicated *expérience* as that of *New Road* I cannot discern in their poetry the slightest hint of promise or in their critical prose a single iota of critical sensibility. It is not their immaturity that is depressing—that is after all quite natural—it is the evidence in all their work of a slipshod attitude to art, which as Miss Raine so rightly says, is one form of living. They seem to have no idea whatever of the elements of criticism and therefore the following excursion into elementary critical theory seem to me fully warranted, in spite of its aura of the sixth form. Reading *New Road* it occurs to one that instead of the periodic philistine hoot for war poets, a cry of 'Where are the poets?' would seem far more relevant to the situation symbolized by it. (Before proceeding further, I should like to draw attention to two short but illuminating essays called 'Modern Verse and the Anthologist' and 'Ruins and Warnings,' by Mr. R. G. Lienhardt and Mr. D. J. Enright respectively, to be found in the last volume of *Scrutiny* (1942-43). Both authors analyse much of the verse of the *New Road* type and in assuming their conclusions to reinforce my own criticism I am aware that *their* labour has saved me the tedium and the space of providing analytical evidence to validate my own opinions.) In comparing the poetry of Alex Comfort's generation' with that of the Georgians, Miss Raine has herself let the cat out of the bag (through it requires a different accent from hers for the comparison to become really decisive). True, there is no evidence in this poetry of a cult of booze, doggies and country week-ends (unless one wishes to take Mr. Robert Faulds that way), but something is happening to English verse which is likely to have an equally stifling effect upon it as had the Georgian afflatus—Mr. Lienhardt and Mr. Enright show what I mean.

Twenty-five years ago T. S. Eliot published an essay (which I should offer as the finest piece of criticism in the language—Coleridge and Arnold included, in which he outlined the necessary faculties of an artist who wished to continue writing after the age of twenty-five. He insisted that a vital one is that of self-criticism: the higher an artist's sense of values the more rigorous his self-demands and in consequence the greater his art. The whole essay ought to be a *locus classicus* and one is not a little embarrassed to repeat its main implications at this stage; but most of the contributors to *New Road* have attained or are well past their twenty-fifth year and there is no evidence in their work of a conception of tradition or the recipient of the 'historical sense' that, as Eliot said, makes a writer great. Indeed the crudity of *New Road* criticism merely reinforces Dr. Leavis's stricture that the liberation boasted of by Mr. Scarfe in his regrettable book¹ is merely a liberation from any semblance of critical standards, an escape from sanity (and Leavis has Miss Raine's full approval—see her review of Scarfe's book in *Poetry: London* No. 8). Both the critic and the poet are products of the same 'contemporary sensibility' and, let there be no doubt about this, their individual functions have an equal importance (a fact which makes Eliot's *Selected Essays* as valuable for the generation of *New Road* as his *Collected Poems*—perhaps for us his essays are more valuable). The poet is, it is true, more independent of the 'contemporary sensibility', in that he has a free choice in selecting those experiences which he orders into language; whereas the critic's task is to evaluate the poet's vision

¹ *Auden and After* by Francis Scarfe. (Routledge, 1942.)

—its æsthetical and ethical validity—as it is to be found in the work of art (a judgment which whatever its final form is primarily an æsthetic one). Through the critic the ‘contemporary sensibility’ is able to scrutinize its own experience and check its own judgments; he is, it might be termed, its ‘conscience’, the measurement of its capacity for discrimination. The ability to discriminate between different kinds of literary experience is the measure of one’s capacity for doing so in other fields and mediums, consequently, the social importance of the function of the critical faculty is immense; and at this most crucial point in human history it would seem more than unkind that fate has bequeathed us a ‘contemporary sensibility’ perfectly willing to endorse the experience of *New Road*—I refer, of course, to the coming peace settlement, which will doubtless decide the future of humanity once for all.

The superiority of the ‘twenties’ writers over those of *New Road* lies in the fact that all the great writers at that time, writers like Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Pound, Forster, I. A. Richards and Eliot himself, subscribed to the principles implicit in Eliot’s early criticism, consciously or otherwise, and seeing their period in retrospect, it would seem that this factor in their make-up enabled them to stem the ‘dissociation of sensibility’ which had undermined literature in England for over two and a half centuries. It is a wonderful achievement which looks as though it will have been made in vain once Mr. Scarfe’s *Auden Aftermath* gets into the saddle. Instead of a criticism and an art based on a conception of tradition, *fashion* will be the only criterion, and it requires no great feat of imagination to envisage the consequences (the ‘boom’ in Hölderlin, Pasternak, Kierkegaard, Berdeyayev and Kafka is ominous and the Lord knows what effect a book like Bowra’s *Heritage of Symbolism* might have—possibly Mr. Marnau is an example). Perhaps the following passage from *Tradition and the Individual Talent* gives us the clue to the trouble after all:—

‘Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited and, if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves in the first place the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet after his twenty-fifth year: and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones but with a feeling that the whole literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole literature of his own country has a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time and of his own contemporaneity.’

The sentences I have italicized reveal the roots of the trouble quite decisively. Perhaps the ‘Auden Aftermath’ do not see that the ‘labour’ required is necessary for their purpose. Certainly, it is very easy to find a publisher nowadays, and a few words in the right place at an opportune moment will go a great deal further in their direction than, say, ten years of hard work. But the choice remains, nevertheless, and there is no alternative if *value* is the end in view. But perhaps also the situation is not quite as bad as *New Road* and Mr. Scarfe would, between them, give us cause to believe. Auden, Bottrall, Eberhardt,

Empson and Prince remain minor poets of consequence, even though Mr. Scarfe did not consider them worth study (his essay on Auden is valueless). Mr. Koestler has made a distinguished contribution to the novel in *Darkness at Noon*. We have yet to see what new developments may be in store for prose-drama and in spite of Mr. Spender, Dr. Leavis remains one of the most distinguished critics of the last hundred years. But rather than giving cause for hope these facts only serve to set off the general sterility which seems to be an inevitable characteristic of the next fifteen years at least. The attack on the 'thirties' has already begun, Mr. Woodrow Wyatt has given them one bashing and he is supported in the rear by Mr. George Woodcock, thus it seems that the Auden Aftermath mean business and their hold on English publishing presents them with golden opportunities, that is, golden opportunities for smart Alecs on the make. Let me resolve the whole position with an analogy likely to please Mr. Derek Stanford who defines literary criticism in his *New Road* essay as the 'geology of æsthetic expression'. Imagine the history of English Literature as a 'karst' river flowing along placidly in the open air until it disappears down a 'pot-hole'—that is the 'dissociation of sensibility'. Later the river re-emerges to flow once more in daylight until it comes to the second 'pot-hole', which is the *second* 'dissociation of sensibility', and so on. We are rapidly approaching the second pot-hole!

★ ★ ★

There are two contributors to *New Road* who deserve more attention than I am able to give them here, and they are honourably exempted from my strictures on their book-fellows. Mr. George Orwell is not of the 'Auden Aftermath', he is a veritable giant among pygmies in this context, for his honesty and genius have earned him a position of unusual respect in contemporary letters. One awaits his book on Spain, of which his *New Road* essay is but a fragment, with anticipatory pleasure. Readers of *Horizon* and *Poetry: London* will know Miss Kathleen Raine to exhibit in her criticism evidence of standards unknown to her companions, and despite its crudities her essay in *New Road* shows that with a little critical discipline she might achieve some criticism of real worth. As a poet she stands head and shoulders over her *New Road* contemporaries as her recently published collection of poems adequately reveals. Miss Raine is apparently groping in the dark towards the only road for a writer of her pronounced ability; the others have lost their way—irretrievably, I am afraid.

The unbelievably scrappy Surrealist section reflects nothing more than its editorial vulgarity. I have no doubt that readers will have had ample time within the last twenty years, and enough material on which to base an opinion of a 'phenomenon' which is hardly newer now, in 1943 than it was when Mr. Constant Lambert wrote *Music Ho!* or before him, Mr. Edmund Wilson *Axels Castle*.

IVOR JACOBS

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,
Dear Sir,

Astonishing as it may seem, there are always nonentities for whom surrealism is a means of arrival. The latest attempt of this kind is the so-called 'Surrealist Section' in *New Roads 1943*. Sheltering beneath a quotation from André Breton, a spam-brained intellectual institutes himself the Barnum of Surrealism.

'... The discoveries of surrealism', he writes, 'made at the risk of our lives ...'

We wonder how, when and where this gentleman has risked his life in bothering to compile his small anthology. This is not the first time that a buffoon has smuggled himself into the surrealist wagon. It is not very important.

But we owe it to our surrealist friends now in the U.S.A., Mexico or in French colonial territory to bring to the notice of the British public that they are not responsible for the wriggings of this gentleman. Profiting by their ignorance of him, of their lack of knowledge of the English language, he has taken advantage of their distance to involve them in his grotesque manifestation. We in England formally refused to associate ourselves with this caricatural and bewildering publication.

J. B. BRUNIUS

E. L. T. MESENS

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Published by the Proprietors, HORIZON, 6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, London, W.C.1, and printed in England at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, E.1.